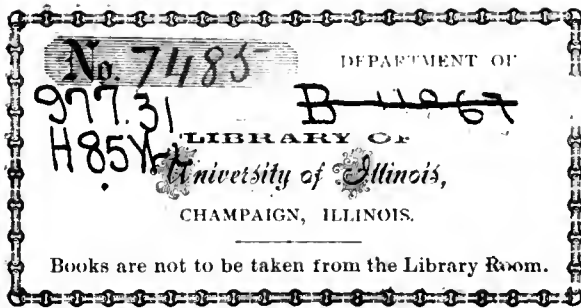


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W. C. Hoynes

In Memoriam.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF



THOMAS +



HOYNE, LL.D.

WITH THE

Proceedings of Public Bodies on the occasion of his death,
and Memorial Addresses.



PUBLISHED FOR HIS FRIENDS.



W. C. Hoynes

1

In Memoriam.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF



THOMAS



HOYNE, LL.D.

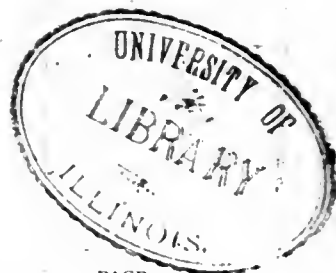
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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.....	5
PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC BODIES:	
City Council.....	30
County Board.....	32
Bar Association.....	33
Appellate Court.....	49
Iroquois Club.....	53
Chicago Historical Society.....	78
Public Library.....	81
Union College of Law.....	82
Faculty of the College of Law.....	84
University of Chicago.....	85
Astronomical Society.....	87
Hahnemann Medical College.....	88
Calumet Club.....	88
MEMORIAL SKETCH BY PROF. SWING.....	89
LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE:	
Moses B. Maclay.....	93
William F. Vilas.....	95
E. B. Washburne.....	97
John Wentworth.....	97
H. W. Blodgett.....	98
Samuel M. Moore.....	99
Lambert Tree.....	100
Perry H. Smith.....	101
S. M. Cullom.....	102
MEMORIAL SERVICE:	
Discourse by Rev. Dr. Burroughs.....	103
Address of Rev. Dr. Lorimer.....	122
POEM BY EUGENE J. HALL.....	130

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Biographical Sketch.



IT IS LITTLE that written or spoken memorials can do to preserve or reflect the traits of so strong and original a character as the late Thomas Hoyne. More than most men, Mr. Hoyne was, in all things, characterized by a strong and striking individuality. It was an individuality that pervaded his entire character; it gave "form and pressure" to his thought; it inspired his words, often of wonderful eloquence, and transformed his action and presence. Except in the memory of those who have been personal witnesses of it, and have experienced its spell, that individuality has forever vanished. Death has done his work too surely to allow any power to snatch back from its grasp the noble gifts which it has consigned forever to the silence of the tomb. But not all that made up the life of our lamented friend has death thus extinguished. He "*rests from his labors, but his works do follow him.*" The principles that he advocated, the deeds that he wrought, live after him. Incorporated into the life of the state, the municipality, the nation; they will continue to be vital and fruitful through succeeding generations.

The addresses and memorial notices called forth by his death, which are brought together in the following pages, present a very full and able review of Mr. Hoyne's character and life work. From the different standpoints of

different professions, men who had known him long and intimately have placed in varying lights different phases of his character, and the salient events of his career. No higher evidence of the exalted place which he held in public confidence and affection was possible than these spontaneous tributes in which men so well qualified to speak, gave utterance, not only to their own, but to the universal sentiment of the community in which he passed his life. With little to add to what is contained in those tributes, and at the risk of seeming only to repeat what had been better said, it is still thought best that a connected outline of Mr. Hoyne's life should here be given.

Thomas Hoyne was born in the city of New York, on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1817. His parents had emigrated to this country, from Ireland, two years previously. His father died in 1829, and his mother the year following. Thomas was the elder of seven children. He attended St. Peter's school, in New York, till the death of his parents made it necessary for him to work for his own livelihood. He was therefore apprenticed in 1830 to a manufacturer of fancy goods. He remained in this position for four or five years, during all of which time his strong desire to fit himself for something higher, and a natural taste for books, led him to devote every spare moment to mental improvement. He marked out for himself a course of study in those branches in which he thought he was most deficient, and applied himself with patience and energy to the task, the accomplishment of which he then felt to be necessary to his future success in life. In this he was encouraged by the kindly interest of the late Rev. Archibald Maclay and his family, whose friendship and sympathy in this time of need he never forgot, and to the last loved to refer to with expressions

of gratitude. Writing in June, 1882, to Mr. Robert Maclay, of New York, on the occasion of the death of the late Hon. Wm. B. Maclay, Mr. Hoyne referred to this early friendship as follows:

"Among the many early, and most of them distinguished, associates of my early life, I know of no one to whom I was personally more indebted for that friendship which assisted my fortunes at their greatest need than to your highly distinguished uncle, the late Hon. William B. Maclay. He first encouraged my dearest youthful aspirations to study the law as a profession. He aided me also in the acquirement of an education which I lacked, and he always tendered me a cordial, kind and generous support.

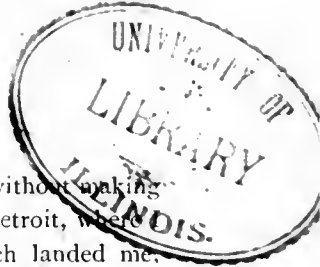
"You know, perhaps, that at a very early age I was left an orphan in New York, destitute of resources. I had no means whatever, and I had no family or friends to whom I could look for a support or dependence. In other words, my future depended upon any unknown qualifications I might be found to develop, if I ever found my place in life, by entering upon some career of usefulness. Having never been trained in any regular school, and having therefore attained to no place of education, I had before me the stupendous undertaking to qualify myself to enter upon the study of a profession, such as the law, without a definite hope of success. A happy train of coincidences (not necessary to relate) threw me into the society of your uncle William, his brother Moses, still living, and your father, the late Robert Maclay; and I found a home under their father's roof. Your grandfather (Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclay) was known and revered throughout the United States before Chicago had a municipal beginning or name, as one of the most eminent Baptist divines, as well as learned expositors of the Bible. He lived on East Broadway in 1835, when I was in the family for a period of two years, and up to the time I left New York to try my fortunes in Chicago. During those two years I enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of the large and intelligent family that, as you know, at that time comprised the Maclay household. Among them I

was enabled to cultivate, through their intercourse, the means that obtained me some knowledge of the classics, and the rudiments of a sound English education. And upon that knowledge I afterwards qualified myself in Chicago to enter the legal profession in 1839."

While yet an apprentice his thirst for knowledge led him to join a "literary association," which at that time included in its list of members a company of poor young men and boys who were afterwards known to fame as Judge George Manierre, Horace Greeley, Judge Charles P. Daly, Hon. W. B. Maclay and Moses B. Maclay. An association with such minds could not but be of great benefit, and it was in their company that Mr. Hoyne laid the foundation of his power as a speaker, and saw opening before him an honorable life career. He boldly decided to prepare for the bar. To this end he attended night school, studied Latin, Greek and the English branches, and faithfully applied himself to the task of developing his mental powers to a fitness for the profession he had in view. His apprenticeship ended in 1835, and he then entered a jobbing house on a salary sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies.

In 1836 Mr. Hoyne formally began his career by entering the office of the late Judge Brinkerhoff, of New York. He remained there till late in the summer of 1837, when he left New York for what was then the "Far West," and at the end of a month's journey landed at the almost unknown city of Chicago. In an address delivered before the Chicago Bar Association on the evening of February 10th, 1881, entitled, "The Lawyer as a Pioneer," he thus graphically describes his arrival:

"I left New York City while a student at law, on the 11th day of August, 1837, and I reached Chicago on the 11th day of Sep-



tember. One month was consumed on the way, without making any unnecessary delay at any point except at Detroit, where I took passage on the brig *John H. Kinzie*, which landed me, after a two week's tempestuous passage, at one of the two only docks then upon the Chicago River!

"These docks were on the north side, immediately adjoining the site of the present Rush Street bridge. Here was then the great tavern or hotel known as the Lake House, just erected. There was also to be seen the tower of St. James Episcopal church—then the only brick meeting house in Chicago. Just previous to the great fire, you might have seen the same tower covered over with commercial signs—advertising flour and provisions—not that heavenly food for whose dispensation it was originally built. At that day, all the fashionable stores, the leading society people, and the handsomest dwelling-houses, were on the north side. It indeed strongly insisted upon being the main side and future City.

"But I did not stay long on that side. Chicago River was crossed at Dearborn Street by the only bridge, with a draw raised by chains and a crank; and to that bridge I hurried upon that September afternoon. My objective point was the Chicago court house, or clerk's office, where I was to find the earliest friend and companion of my boyhood, the late George Manierre, who was then deputy of the Circuit court clerk, Col. Hamilton. We had parted in sorrow from each other, two years before, at a dock in New York. As I sped on my way, on foot, with satchel in hand, along the high, rank grass of streets newly opened, I was fain to observe the length of the streets laid out without either sidewalk or house. I stood upon that antique bridge. I looked toward the junction of the streams, up to what is now West-Water street, and for the first time, caught glimpses of that mighty land—'the far-off West' of my imagination—it had gilded my dreams of the future, and bounded every possibility of my life. I stood upon that antique bridge, and recalled Byron's Bridge of Sighs, but instead of 'a prison and a palace,' here was a bridge with a past and future upon each hand.

"All along these level banks and beyond these river shores

shone the brightest of skies, bending down upon those untenanted fields—wild in their vastness and glory—the same as they had appeared to human eyes for thousands of years! Here was the dreamland of the poet Bryant! and here those prairies he had enshrined forever in immortal song. Here was the Garden City:—

“These are the gardens of the desert—

These the unshorn fields,

Where lingers yet the beauty of the earth

'Ere man had sinned.

I beheld them for the first, and my heart swelled

While the dilated sight took in the encircling vastness!

Lo! they stretch in airy undulations far away,

As if Ocean, in her gentlest swell, stood still

With all her rounded billows fixed and motionless forever!”

“I reached that corner of Randolph and Clark streets—the open field, or court-house square! which appeared like an outlying forty-acre tract of this day in some addition or suburb. And here stood boldly out the columned Greek portico of the court-house, or clerk’s office, clear pine and white lead, in classical outline. It was as near a sketch of the Parthenon at Athens as a boy’s sketch in charcoal would resemble an original. The main front faced upon Clark street. Its broad stairways and double doors led up into a long room, fifty feet wide. Here was my old friend, George Manierre, deputy clerk, alone among the papers and records of the clerk’s office, of which he seemed sole custodian. We had a joyous meeting.”

On his arrival in Chicago Mr. Hoyne at once found employment in the Circuit court clerk’s office with his young yet old friend, Judge Manierre, at the munificent salary of ten dollars per week, which stood to him in place of a fortune. Here he found time to pursue his study of the law, and opportunities for becoming acquainted with its practical workings. How well he improved these opportunities is shown by his subsequent career. There was little in the Chicago of that early day to distract the

attention of a mind bent on study. Isolated as they were from the rest of the world, its residents were thrown upon their own resources for entertainment and instruction. But some of them were men of ability, education, and even genius. These leading minds had formed a literary society, with which Mr. Hoyne soon connected himself, and ere long his voice was often heard in their discussions; his genial manner, evident sincerity, and the mental vigor that found expression in his speeches, winning for him a high place in the esteem of his fellow members. In the year 1838 he taught a public school, one of the first organized in Chicago. But an experience of four months sufficed to convince him that nature had not intended him for that vocation, and he retired. His name still stands out, however, in prominent as well as permanent identification with the educational interests of Chicago, the "Thomas Hoyne" public school, on Illinois street, having been named in his honor. Leaving the school room in 1838, he resumed his legal studies, entering the office of Hon. J. Young Scammon, with whom he formed a friendship that continued unbroken till the end of his life. In 1839 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his chosen profession.

Mr. Hoyne had brought with him a letter from his friend, Rev. Archibald Maclay, to Dr. John T. Temple, one of the pioneers of Chicago. He was received with great cordiality, and became a frequent visitor at the Temple home, a two-story frame house, built by Dr. Temple, on Lake street, near Franklin, which, in those early days, ranked as an elegant mansion. Dr. Temple was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, who came from Washington in 1833 to try the invigorating air of the frontier on impaired health. Bringing with him



a moderate capital, he entered into contract with the government to carry the United States mails from Chicago to Springfield, and afterwards was largely interested in contracts in the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal.

Mr. Hoyne's acquaintance with Dr. Temple's family ripened into a permanent relation by his marriage to Leonora, the eldest daughter, on September 17, 1840, a relation to which he was ever wont to refer as the foundation of what was happiest in his life, and a chief factor in the success to which he attained.

In 1840 Mr. Hoyne was elected on the democratic ticket as city clerk. The salary of the office at that time was only four hundred dollars per year, but in those primitive days this was a sum sufficient for a comfortable family living. The expenses of living then were very small, as compared with the necessities of life to-day. The products of the farm were brought by the farmers themselves to the doors of the people in the oft-described "prairie schooner," and the vendors were only too glad to dispose of their wares at prices that would suffice to supply very modest wants at home. There were then no middlemen to take a large share of the profits, and no railroads to carry away the surplus supply to an eastern market. The Chicago citizen of that day was perforce simple in his habits. He could not be extravagant if he would, as what are now regarded as the luxuries of life could not be obtained at any price, and the same was true of not a few things which are looked upon as necessities to civilized existence in the present day. Nevertheless the people were happy. The experience of those early settlers, as since related by themselves, shows that they understood the philosophy which was voiced by an English poet, who wrote:

"Tis not in titles nor in rank,
 'Tis not in wealth in London bank,
 To ease the soul's unrest.
 If happiness have not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich or great,
 But never can be blest."

In 1841, Mr. Hoyne, as city clerk, wrote the memorial which was presented to Congress, asking for increased appropriations for the improvement of the Chicago harbor, a document which is full of interest, giving in brief a picture of the commercial importance of the city, and the business distress which prevailed here, in the first few years that followed the municipal organization. The distress he then so graphically portrayed seems to have discouraged him, as in the fall of 1842 he removed to Galena, whose mining enterprises were then attracting many seekers after fortune, and promised to make it the great city of the west. After a two years' trial, however, he returned to Chicago, and never thenceforth swerved in allegiance to the city of his earlier adoption. The next two years of his life present no incidents that call for special mention here. During 1847-48-49 he held the office of probate justice of the peace, but the duties of the office did not interfere with the practice of his profession, the probate business of the county being then so small that all the records and papers were kept in a few pigeon-holes in an ordinary desk. In 1853 he received from President Pierce an appointment to the office of United States District Attorney for Illinois, and in 1859 was made United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, in place of a defaulting incumbent. The last named appointment was made without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Hoyne, and it was at the personal request of

Judge Drummond that he was induced to accept the office for the unexpired term, and assume the task of bringing order out of the confusion which his predecessor had left behind. As marshal he superintended the taking of the census of 1860 in the Northern district of the state.

As a lawyer, Mr. Hoyne grew with the growth of the city. While yet a young attorney he was recognized as a man of intense earnestness and unbending will. Whatever he assumed to do, he did with all his might. In those days the interests involved in litigations were not often large, in a pecuniary sense, and the practice was necessarily a general one, there being no specialties. Every lawyer was ready and glad to devote his attention to criminal, patent or admiralty cases. The criminal practice was very different then from what it is to-day. In that branch the rising young men of the profession in Chicago saw their best opportunity to attain distinction, and in that arena were made the brilliant displays of oratory which attracted the attention of the people. Mr. Hoyne took his full share of the practice, and his reputation as a successful criminal lawyer extended through the state. His forcible style of speaking, and the animation of his whole figure, his emphatic gesture and flashing eyes carried with them the conviction of earnestness and sincerity on the part of the orator—a conviction always potent with the jury as well as with the popular audience. But as the population of the city increased, the criminal practice gradually took on new phases that were not agreeable with his methods as a lawyer, or his sense of right, and he left that field to others, preferring to devote his attention to a business involving important questions of commercial and real estate law. But his power as an advocate did not diminish, and he never yielded his place

in the front rank of orators. His great strength, however, lay in that complete mastery of a case which is generally achieved at the desk, and by a survey of the authorities whose wisdom is found crystallized in the volumes of the law library. In the latter part of his life his energies were devoted to work of much more than temporary interest, the value of which is least understood by the world outside, but is recognized by the profession as the most valuable and enduring part of a lawyer's life work.

Mr. Hoyne always took a deep interest in the politics of his country. He read much and thought much on all the great questions that were discussed in his time, and was one of the few men who, through a long life, are true to their principles and consistent in their conduct. First of all, he was a thoroughly patriotic American citizen. The good of his country was the foundation stone upon which he built, and he advocated those principles and measures that he believed to be for her best interests. He was an earnest advocate of the Mexican war; but on the passage of the Wilmot proviso, prohibiting the extension of slavery in any territory acquired from Mexico, he became what was then known as a "free soiler," and supported Van Buren and Adams on the Buffalo platform in the presidential campaign of 1848. He was a presidential elector on the ticket, and was the leading advocate of it during that campaign, especially in the northern half of Illinois. As chairman of a committee appointed for that purpose, he had previously read at a mass meeting an able address to the people on the issues of the day, which was widely circulated. In that address he protested, in bold and outspoken language, against the further encroachments of human slavery, appealing to the demo-

cratic masses of the States with all his earnestness and power of argument. The attitude which he then assumed on this great national issue he maintained consistently to the last. At the same time when, in 1857, the Kansas-Nebraska bill and the bill for the abolition of the Missouri compromise were brought forward by Mr. Douglas, he became an earnest advocate of those measures, holding in common with many able anti-slavery men, that the effect would be to restrict instead of extending the domain of slavery. In the campaign of 1856, he took an active part, traveling through the northern counties of Illinois and making ringing speeches in favor of the democratic cause, often speaking in company with Douglas, who was his intimate friend. It was during this campaign that his fame as a political orator reached its zenith, and he rose to national recognition as one of the leaders of his party.

The breaking out of the war of the rebellion found Mr. Hoyne in exact accord with his friend Douglas in regard to the duty of a citizen in that crisis. The question was for or against the constitution and the old flag, not as between republicans and democrats, and he felt it to be his duty to join with other good citizens in sustaining the government. He responded to the call in all sincerity, and no man in Chicago was more earnest or more energetic in the effort to arouse public sentiment to a determination that the Union must be preserved, and direct the popular opinion towards the ignoring of minor matters when great issues were at stake. As a prominent and influential democrat, he was invited to address the people at mass meetings, and in company with the other leading men of his party he urged all good citizens, without distinction of political creed, to sustain the government and assist in the prosecution of the war. The value

of his services at that critical time was recognized and appreciated by his fellow citizens. He was appointed a member of the Union Defense Committee, and wrote the well known appeal which was addressed by that body to the people of the State. He was on the committee that visited President Lincoln to urge a campaign down the Mississippi in 1862. He was unswerving in his advocacy of the cause of the Union till the perpetuity of that Union was established by the surrender of the Southern armies. During the whole of that long, dark period of civil war, every emanation from his pen, and every word from his mouth, had the unmistakable ring of patriotism and loyalty to the government. It is but justice to his memory that this fact should be emphasized; as a few years afterwards, when the heat and burden of the strife were over, and the issues of war had given place to the great questions involved in the reconstruction of the government, Mr. Hoyne, in common with many whose loyalty, like his, had been tried as by fire, incurred the odium of the opposite party, and in the heat of partisan contest, such terms as "copperhead" and "traitor" fell thickly but harmlessly about him. We scarcely need to add that he lived long enough to see the wisdom of his course amply vindicated, and his name honored as borne by a man whose loyalty and patriotism had never wavered.

In the controversy between Congress and President Johnson, Mr. Hoyne's sympathies were with the latter. He was a delegate to the Conservative Convention held at Philadelphia in 1866. He supported Horace Greeley in 1872, and represented the First Illinois District in the electoral college. Two years later he acted with the so-called "opposition," and aided in drawing up the call of the Democratic State Committee in Chicago embody-

ing a specie plank, free commerce, civil rights and other issues, which was received with great favor by the leading journals of his party. In 1870, he was nominated by acclamation for Congress, but declined to run, whereupon Hon. John Wentworth was nominated in his stead.

In 1876 Mr. Hoyne was elected mayor of Chicago. He had been nominated for the office by an overwhelming majority at a time when the city had suffered so severely from the rule of corruptionists as to be threatened with financial ruin, and the good men of all parties joined in an effort to cleanse the Augean stable. In choosing him as the man for the work, they paid him the highest compliment that can be bestowed upon an American citizen, and it was regarded by him as the best possible approval of his life and character, which had been an open book to the people of the city for nearly forty years. A sketch of his life, published by the Chicago Alliance of April 4, 1881, refers to this election in the following complimentary terms:

There was a time when this great city, with all its unexampled growth and prosperity, was in danger of financial ruin and moral bankruptcy. In 1876 Chicago was awakened to the fact that she had long been ruled by an unscrupulous ring of thieving politicians, which received its support from a class of the community not unlike that which kept Tweed in power in New York City for so long a time, and saddled that city with a financial burden, and gave its government a notoriety that has passed into a proverb. We say that Chicago was awakened to her danger, awakened only just in time to avert ruin, awakened mainly by the efforts of the man whose name stands at the head of this sketch.

The story is an interesting though familiar one. H. D. Colvin was mayor of the city at the time. He had inherited from preceding administrations a bequest of debt and had manage-



ment, and was hedged about by precedents which he had not the wisdom or energy to set aside. Precedents involving large running expenses, extravagant appropriations, and a reckless financial policy. His administration inaugurated the system of meeting the illegal debt of the city by an equally illegal issue of scrip, but was unequal to the broad statesmanship of immediate retrenchment of municipal expenses and refunding the debt so that it might comfortably be carried.

As we have said, ruin stared Chicago in the face. Extravagance and incompetence and rascality threatened the city. Taxation had become too heavy to be borne. The name of Chicago, prosperous and lusty as the city was, was fast becoming a by-word for misrule. It was a crisis in her history. Had the reigning state of affairs continued, there is no manner of doubt but that some other city would have become the metropolis of the west. Capital and enterprise do not gravitate to any city overburdened with taxation, cursed by misrule and threatened with financial troubles. There is always a man for every emergency, and in Chicago's hour of need Thomas Hoyne came to the front. Through his efforts the Municipal Reform Club was organized, and in a very short time it succeeded in arousing the people to a sense of the dangers which threatened them. An American community, and especially a Chicago community, engrossed with their private business affairs, are slowly aroused to a sense of public danger; but when they are aroused, no people in the world act so quickly or so effectively.

The Reform Club called a mass meeting of the citizens, in the Exposition building. Nearly 50,000 men of every political faith gathered at that meeting, which resolved to take energetic means to abate the growing evil of municipal misrule. Mr. Hoyne was, at the meeting, nominated for mayor on a reform platform, and in the election that followed was nearly unanimously elected to the office. He received a majority of over 33,000, the largest majority ever given a municipal chief magistrate in Chicago. There were but eight hundred votes cast against him. Mayor Colvin, the incumbent of the office, however, contested the

legality of the election, and appealed to the courts. The Circuit court, which really had no jurisdiction in the case, decided, by a vote of three to two, that the election was illegal. Mr. Hoyne could, with every prospect of success, have appealed to the Supreme court, but, as his object was to cleanse the city of corruption, and not to secure honor or place for himself, and as the Colvin administration agreed to resign if another election were permitted without appeal, Mr. Hoyne, for the sake of the public good, assented, and refusing to allow the use of his name, Monroe Heath was elected mayor, and Mr. Hoyne retired to private life, after having been *de facto* mayor for six weeks.

But the line of policy marked out by his inaugural address has been followed, not only by his successor, but by the doughty Harrison, and Chicago's prosperity and place in the nation is, doubtless, due to the unselfish and wise action of Mr. Hoyne.

In his early years distinguished as a criminal lawyer, but of late confining his practice to the courts of chancery and supreme courts, he has a reputation as a lawyer second to few; as a politician wise and influential, and as a citizen public-spirited, he will chiefly be remembered, when the history of this city comes to be written, as the man who saved Chicago.

The ground on which the court held the election illegal was briefly that the call for an election had not been issued by the common council, as required by law. While strongly urged to appeal the question to the Supreme court, Mr. Hoyne was too good a lawyer not to see that the decision was correct, and he declined further contest.

In regard to his conduct as mayor we quote the following resolutions which were passed by the reform council when about to close its year's work:

"*Resolved*, That to Hon. Thomas Hoyne, our excellent mayor, *de facto*, for the month of May last, belongs the credit of starting our municipal reform.

"*Resolved*, That we tender to the Hon. Thomas Hoyne our thanks for the bold and statesmanlike inaugural address delivered

before us, and believe that the sentiments therein contained have tended to guide this council in measures of reform; and while we are not able, legally, to return him a compensation in money for his good advice, we do tender him our sincere thanks as members of the common council."

Active as Mr. Hoyne was, in politics, he was never an office seeker. Blest with an intellect that was ever on the alert and never knew fatigue, possessing a large fund of information gathered from extensive reading as well as from close association with the best men of the day, having an ardent love of liberty and an unbounded devotion to his country and its institutions, he naturally took a deep interest in politics, as in every movement which concerned the public welfare. But he had no selfish motives, and sought no personal advancement. Had he really desired office he could have attained the highest place it was in the power of the people to bestow, and that with less of effort on his part than that which he exerted in behalf of other men whom he deemed worthy, and of measures which he thought would benefit the people of the city, state, or nation. He held no office except such as came to him in the natural course of events, and such as the urgency of his fellow-citizens and his own convictions of duty compelled him to accept. He was frequently urged to take the nomination for Congress. His name was regularly mentioned for years, at each succeeding convention in his district; and in 1881, when he could undoubtedly have been elected, he firmly declined. He never for a moment entertained the thought of sacrificing his principles, or catering to popular whim, for the sake of office; and his innate nobleness was best shown in his ability to refuse that which is the goal of ambition with not a few of those whom the world has delighted to honor.

Mr. Hoyne showed less hesitancy in taking the lead in other directions, though always willing to follow, where good was to be accomplished. He was often ahead, not for the sake of distinction, but, because his natural fervor carried him to the front, like the soldier who is first in the fray simply because his comrades are less rapid than he in the rush to meet the enemy. As early as 1850 we find him elected president of the Young Men's Association, which was then the leading literary society of the city. It had collected a considerable library, and filled the place now occupied by our Public Library. It secured prominent men to deliver lectures during the winter and supply the demands of early Chicago for literary food. Many of the older citizens will remember the conspicuous place in the public mind which this association then occupied, and that its presidency was a post of no small importance in the community. Mr. Hoyne was also a life member of the Mechanics' Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Chicago Historical Society.

When the University of Chicago was founded in 1857, Mr. Hoyne took a deep interest in the project. He was elected a member of the board of trustees, and continued to act in that capacity till the time of his death. For some years succeeding the late Hon. Wm. B. Ogden, he was president of the board. Through all the struggles of the institution his time, advice and experience were at its service, and he labored faithfully to place it upon a firm foundation. He was also prominent in the foundation of the law department, contributing \$5,000 to its fund, and otherwise laboring in its behalf. In recognition of his services in this direction the trustees of the University, in September, 1859, established a chair in the faculty under the name of "The Hoyne Professorship of

International and Constitutional Law." He was one of the few gentlemen who took the first step in the movement to found an astronomical observatory in Chicago, and on the organization of the Astronomical Society was elected its secretary, a position which he held continuously till the year 1875. To him belongs a large part of the credit of securing for Chicago the great Lalande prize telescope manufactured by Alvin Clarke & Sons, of Boston. The object-glass of that instrument, eighteen and a half inches in diameter, was at the time the largest and best in the world, and has now very few superiors. It had been manufactured to the order of the State University of Mississippi, but, the war intervening, the State had failed to make payment, and the great glass awaited a purchaser. Within a few days of the time when they became acquainted with these facts the small knot of gentlemen who afterwards formed the Chicago Astronomical Society had authorized Mr. Hoyne to proceed to Boston, and arrange for the purchase of the instrument. He went there in February, 1863, and found that the news of the movement in the West had stimulated the circulation of a subscription in the interest of the observatory at Cambridge. He at once called upon Mr. Clarke and enquired the price of the glass. This Mr. Clarke hesitated to state, as he had set his heart on having his "master-piece" set up near his own home. He did name it, however, and Mr. Hoyne instantly replied that he would take it for Chicago, thus securing for his own city a position of the first importance in the world of astronomical research. His action was endorsed by a speedy raising of the money required to pay for the instrument and erect the building needed for its reception. The telescope was set up in 1866, and has since then abundantly demonstrated the

wisdom of his choice by the noble work it has done in the cause of science. In consideration of his eminent services in the founding and equipment of the Observatory, he was made an honorary life director of the Astronomical Society.

After the great fire of 1871, and while a large part of the city was still a heap of smouldering ruins, the sympathy of the world was extended to Chicago and expressed in many practical forms of relief. Among others the literary men of Europe tendered material aid in repairing the loss of public and private libraries. Thomas Hughes, and other leading men of letters in England, appealed to authors and publishers to contribute of their abundance to establish a library in Chicago. The response was such a generous one that it soon became necessary to organize a free public library, as no such institution had existed in the city previous to the great calamity. Mr. Hoyne threw himself into the movement with his customary energy. He spoke in its favor at several public meetings, in company with Mayor Medill and others; conducted the correspondence with the old world promoters of the enterprise; helped to secure the passage of the necessary legislation at Springfield; presided at the first meeting called to organize the "Free Public Library," and was chosen president of its first board of directors. He served in that capacity for several years, and was unremitting in his efforts to promote the objects of the library and establish it on a solid foundation. He resisted all attempts to cut down the appropriations for its support, and took advantage of every opportunity to present its cause to the favorable consideration of the people, as an institution which he regarded as one of the greatest blessings that had ever been bestowed upon

them. The part which he took in this great work is in itself an enduring monument to his memory, and entitles him to the lasting gratitude of the people of the city. In 1877 he wrote a history of the library up to that date, which will be invaluable as a work of reference in the future. He lived long enough to see the library established on an enduring basis, though at times crippled by scant appropriations, and assailed by some who appeared to be jealous of its influence or fearful of its power.

It has already been remarked, that Mr. Hoyne was a man of literary tastes, and large information on a great variety of subjects. His well filled and carefully selected library was not merely an ornament. He was familiar with its contents. He was a reader of books in wide variety, and thought well upon what he read. Poetry, history, science, philosophy and religion, all claimed him as a student. He was more familiar with the history and literature of ancient Greece and Rome than are many of those who pride themselves upon the advantages of a classical education. He was a lover of Shakespeare, and ever ready with an apt quotation from his favorite author. He had committed many passages to memory in his youth, and they ever continued to form a part of his mental furniture. But his studies were far from being confined to the domain of ancient thought. He kept well abreast with the literary current. On his table could always be found the standard serials of the day, and he was ever ready to discuss and express his opinion upon the articles of special interest which they contained. He had also read the standard works of fiction. It was a matter of frequent surprise to his friends that, so engrossed as he always was with active business, he found so much time to read. But to those who knew his habits

it was no mystery. When worn and wearied by the cares of the day, he walked off his mental languor, and came home refreshed by vigorous exercise to seek in his books that relaxation which formed a foil to his daily labors. Scarcely an evening passed without the acquisition of some item of knowledge not possessed before, and he was often occupied with his books till a late hour; seldom indeed retiring before midnight, and not infrequently spending some of the small morning hours in his study.

It is not surprising that a man so fond of books should have himself helped to make them. He wrote often, and on a great variety of subjects. He was a rapid writer, but generally exerted himself only on the spur of some special occasion. At such times his ideas poured in upon him in such torrents that his pen could scarcely keep pace with his thoughts, and for this reason his compositions sometimes lacked that polish which results from careful pruning, but at the same time diminishes the fire and force of an argument. He left behind him a large mass of material, comprising political speeches, literary addresses, legal reports and arguments, etc. No adequate view of the broad field of discussion embraced in these remains of his active pen is here possible. We cannot, however, refrain in this connection, from alluding to a paper prepared by him in 1848, as chairman of a committee consisting of himself, Dr. Brainard, Judge Skinner, and Judge Manierre. It was an address to the Democracy of the state in the interests of free soil, and against the aggressions of slavery. Probably no other production that ever issued from his pen bore in such full measure the stamp of his ability and genius, and his friends may hereafter yield to a widely expressed wish, that this paper with others might be given to the public in permanent form.

The private life of Mr. Hoyne was one of unexceptionable kindness and purity. In all the contests and antagonisms of his professional and political career, the breath of scandal never touched his good name. He was not only above reproach, but above suspicion. He was very forcible in his language when denouncing a wrong, as some of those who suffered from the lash of his tongue can yet testify. But in his anger he did not forget that he was a man; and never, even in pleasantry, did he lose sight of his duty as a Christian to abstain from impure allusions. Few ever presumed to use an indelicate expression in his presence, and those who essayed it found no encouragement to repeat. And even the impetuosity of manner, that was so marked a feature of his outer life, seemed to take to itself wings at the door of his home. In the family he was uniformly mild and unruffled, and in an unusual degree deferential to the opinions and wishes of its members. The few who were privileged with an intimacy close enough to permit them to observe it, know that his wife was to a marked extent his friend and counselor, and that he took no important step, political or otherwise, without her full understanding and approval. In fact, his love for home was so great, that a sigh of regret would escape him on leaving for a brief absence, and he seemed to have a premonition that the end would overtake him when away from the loved ones. Had he seen the finger of divine providence pointing out his death, he could scarcely have been more tender in his farewell than he was the afternoon that he stepped forth on his last journey, which proved to be a passage to the tomb.

Mr. Hoyne left his home in this city Thursday, July 26, 1883, full of health and vigor. He set out on his

annual summer vacation, and was on his way to Ogdensburgh, intending thence to make the tour of the St. Lawrence and the White Mountains, and finally an extended visit to Saratoga. The evening of Friday, the train on which he was traveling dashed into a freight car at Carlton station, on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh railroad, and in a moment the engines and coaches were lying in a shapeless mass. The dead body of Mr. Hoyne was rescued from the debris a few hours later, and arrived in Chicago the following Monday. It was received at the depot by a committee of the Iroquois Club, and on the following day taken from his home, at No. 267 Michigan avenue, to St. Mary's Church.

Seldom has Chicago seen an assemblage of men more representative of the highest forms of citizenship than the congregation which gathered that morning in St. Mary's Church. Seldom has the whole community thus joined in manifestations of respect for the memory and sorrow for the loss of one of its citizens. All the public offices were closed, as well as many private places of business. All the streets and avenues leading to the church were blocked with carriages, and the sacred edifice was filled to overflowing with friends and admirers of the deceased. A list of those present would include many hundreds of those most prominent in the law, politics and commerce of Chicago. The officials of Cook county attended in a body; the common council was represented by a majority of its members; all the directors of the library board were present—there was no public body that did not add some tribute to the significance of the occasion. There were also to be seen the leading lights of the Chicago bar, mourning the death of an honored colleague, and the distinguished judges of the Chicago bench paying the last mark

of respect to their associate and friend. The professors of Hahnemann College and of the Chicago University, the directors of the Chicago Astronomical Society—in fine, leading men from all the institutions of learning with which the deceased was identified in his life—gave the silent testimony of their presence in appreciation of a useful life. And the social organizations of the city, the Calumet, Iroquois, Irish-American, and other clubs, sent large delegations in remembrance of the genial influence of the kindly heart that slept beneath the fragrant weight of flowers. But more significant than all the other faces present were those that seemed like written scrolls; so deeply were they furrowed, the faces of Chicago's early settlers, with whom Thomas Hoyne had stood shoulder to shoulder in those endeavors of the past which made possible the achievements of the present. The crowning feature of the solemn scene was the presence of that body of venerable men, each one of whom showed how keenly he felt that he had lost a comrade, and that one more name had been stricken from the roll of Chicago's pioneers.

Father Arthur Lonergan was the celebrant of the impressive requiem high mass. Fathers Cashman, John Waldron and Patrick Waldron were seated within the chancel, and Fathers Ambrose, Gaulet and Foster took the place of the regular choir and sang the Gregorian chants. After the celebration of the mass, Father Lonergan stood beside the coffin and delivered a short eulogy on the deceased, and a sermon on the importance of being always prepared for death.

At the close of the service the procession left the church while the organist played a funeral march, and a very large number of those who had attended the service

took carriages for Rosehill. The scene at the cemetery was very impressive. The open grave was so thickly draped with evergreens as to conceal the earth, and when the coffin was lowered to its last resting place, and dust committed to dust, the mound was covered with the wealth of floral offerings. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, and the cortege turned sorrowfully from the grave of Thomas Hoyne with a deep sense that

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
They would not look upon his like again."

City Council.

A meeting of the common council of the city of Chicago was held July 30, 1883, when the following communication was received from his Honor the Mayor:

GENTLEMEN: It is eminently fit and proper that your honorable body should take some appropriate action upon the death of Thomas Hoyne. Mr. Hoyne has for over forty years been identified with the history of Chicago. He has held here the positions of city clerk, judge, United States district-attorney, United States marshal, and, for a short time in 1876, that of mayor.

Mr. Hoyne was of marked characteristics, energetic and positive. He was an honest man, whose uprightness of character earned for him the respect of all.

In his public and professional life he was noted for his eloquence, his energy, his ability, and the integrity of all his acts and deeds. He took great interest in all public improve-

ments, and his earnestness and positiveness rendered his influence in whatever he entered upon of very great weight. He was a public-spirited citizen whose energetic character has been of the greatest service to the city of Chicago. It is the lot of all men of decided force of character to make enemies of some. He was not an exception to the rule; yet even those who differed with him in opinion always conceded the purity of purpose, and honesty of aim by which Mr. Hoyne was ever actuated. In private life he was a man of sterling integrity and moral uprightness; one who made strong friends and stood by them.

The tragic suddenness of his death has shocked the community. While he was upwards of sixty years of age, his vigorous constitution and his healthful habits gave promise of many years yet of life, and the terrible tragedy of his taking off seems too sudden a close to a life so useful to the community, so dear to his friends and family.

As a man so closely connected with our public interests, so long identified with the city and its affairs, it is becoming that you should pass suitable resolutions of tribute and respect upon his death.

I have prepared the accompanying resolutions, which I herewith submit for your approval and action.

Alderman Sanders moved that the resolutions be adopted and that the council attend the funeral in a body.

The motion prevailed by unanimous vote.

The following are the resolutions as adopted:

WHEREAS, There was killed in the late railroad disaster in New York state, a citizen of Chicago whose close connection with the interests of the city and faithful services in behalf of the people, render his death a public misfortune.

Resolved, That in the death of Thomas Hoyne, the City of Chicago has lost one of its most patriotic, public spirited and honorable citizens; a man whose efforts in behalf of all that he believed to be best for the interests of his community, entitled him to the respect and admiration of all good citizens.

Resolved, That all city offices be closed during the hours of the funeral, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be duly published in the proceedings of this body, and copies hereof be furnished the press for publication and sent the family of the deceased.

County Board.

At a meeting of the county board of commissioners held July 30, 1883, the following resolutions were offered and adopted:

This community has sustained an irreparable loss by the sudden death of our most eminent fellow-citizen, Hon. Thomas Hoyne. His life in Chicago, since 1837, has been characterized by a public zeal which has contributed largely to our educational, scientific, and patriotic reputation both at home and abroad. He has been the eminent friend, counselor and associate of three generations of men, among whom he has been conspicuous for his fearless and incorruptible integrity. Age left no mark to distinguish Mr. Hoyne from our most active and enterprising young men, and his name and works will forever adorn the history of Chicago, where his face was so familiar. Be it therefore

Resolved, That this board attend in a body the funeral services of our distinguished dead, and that the chairman appoint a committee to make suitable arrangements for such attendance. That these resolutions be entered upon and printed in our records, and that an engrossed copy thereof be furnished the family of the deceased.

Bar Association.

A large meeting of the Chicago bar was held in Judge Drummond's court room on Tuesday of this week, in relation to the untimely death of Hon. Thomas Hoyne, who was, perhaps, more than any other lawyer, the connecting link between the bar of the past and the bar of the present.

The meeting was called to order by Judge Drummond, a life-long friend of the lamented deceased, who briefly, but with much feeling, stated the object of the meeting, and concluded by saying that a committee had been appointed at a previous meeting to draw up a memorial to the memory of Thomas Hoyne, and that the Hon. J. Young Scammon had been requested by the committee to prepare and present the memorial.

The meeting was organized by electing the venerable ex-chief justice of the Supreme court, John D. Caton, as chairman, and A. M. Pence, as secretary.

JUDGE CATON, in taking the chair, said:

GENTLEMEN: The occasion which has brought us together to-day is one of solemn import, and reminds us that our stay here is short. The death of Mr. Hoyne, which came upon us so suddenly, produced a shock throughout the whole community; and those who have known him longest and known him best, and therefore knew best how to appreciate him, felt their sensibilities awakened to a degree which words fail to express. Few living have known Mr. Hoyne longer than I did, or have

appreciated his virtues and his excellencies more than I have. When I heard of his untimely death, a chord was struck of deep feeling and sensibility, which but few who have not attained the years that I have—but few who have not known him as well as I have (and few have had more opportunities of appreciating his virtues than I have) could experience. I would like to detain you in speaking of the history of Thomas Hoyne; but you have known him, some longer, some shorter, so well that to do so is unnecessary. I am sure that all who have known him, and those who knew him best, have respected his virtues, his excellencies in every walk of life, and deeply feel his untimely taking off. Pardon me, therefore, that I say no more.

The Hon. J. YOUNG SCAMMON then read the following paper prepared in memory of Mr. Hoyne:

The members of the legal profession in a free republic always occupy a prominent and influential position in public consideration. They are the forensic instructors of the people, the guardians of personal rights, and the defenders of individual liberty. When one of its old and distinguished members is called from his earthly duties, a chasm in society marks his exit. When by a frightful casualty such a one is suddenly hurled into the eternal world, the whole community is shocked.

The sudden catastrophe in which the life of Thomas Hoyne was sacrificed, on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, near Carlyon, New York, on the night of July 27, 1883, has awakened in the hearts of his brethren of the Illinois bar the most profound emotions and the deepest sympathies for his bereaved widow and family.

The departure of such a man from our midst demands

that we should place on record an appropriate minute, while the numerous testimonials from other associations with which he was connected admonish us to confine this minute to Mr. Hoyne as a member of our profession.

Thomas Hoyne was born in the city of New York, February 11, 1817. He remained there till 1837, when, listening to the prophetic-poetic voice of Bishop Berkley, he followed the course of empire to the then extreme west, and landed in Chicago. Meeting here an early and devoted friend, the late Judge Manierre, he renewed his personal acquaintance, and found employment from him in the office of the clerk of the Circuit court of Cook county, where the latter was acting as deputy. He had commenced the study of the law in New York, but, like so many other successful members of the bar, he had no means beyond his own personal exertions to support him while seeking his legal education. He had known the meaning of the struggles of impoverished orphanage from an early age; but his ambition, will, and determination would brook no obstacles. He entered the office of J. Young Scammon, one of the earliest practitioners at the Chicago bar, read his profession there, and was admitted to practice in 1839. With the exception of about two years passed in Galena, he has ever since resided in Chicago. He soon became prominent, was invited to become a law partner of Mark Skinner, and remained such partner till the election of the latter gentleman to the bench. In 1847 he was elected to the office of Probate Justice. In 1853 he received the appointment of District Attorney of the United States for the District of Illinois, and in 1859, of United States Marshal. The duties of these offices he discharged with credit to himself, and acceptably to the government.

The many other places of distinction which he occupied are elsewhere commemorated. It is of him as a lawyer and legal associate that we desire to speak—of him as a brother and a man intimately associated with us in our department of the great drama of human life.

He knew and appreciated the obligations which he assumed in entering the legal profession. A man of the most ardent temperament and intense earnestness, and remarkable fidelity to both friends and duty, his oath of office was no mere form of words. Duty to his client was engraved upon his heart. Industry and diligence were displayed in all his acts. He attained reputation and position, which brought business to his chambers, and emolument to his coffers. His professional life has been long and successful. He was a prudent counselor, an earnest, enthusiastic and successful advocate. He was a man of acknowledged ability. If his ardor and zeal sometimes exceeded the measure of his cooler judgment, they left no sting behind. If he erred, he endeavored to redress any injury he might, in the excitement of the moment, have committed, and to do away with the force of any unguarded expressions. Men of his temperament can not always sail in smooth waters, but they are compensated by being relieved from hypocrisy, sham or pretense. They show what they are, are estimated for their worth, and relied upon at all times as just, fearless and honest men.

In his professional intercourse he was kind and accommodating, though always exacting as to what in his estimation was just and right. Of integrity unquestioned, he had deep convictions as to the duty every man owes to his profession, and every successful man to the community in which he lives. *E pluribus unum* was not more permanently engraved upon our national escutcheon than

deeply impressed upon his soul. In his estimation he was only one of the many. The Chicago law school connected with the universities, he was greatly influential in establishing. He endowed its first professorship, which, in recognition of his services and liberality bears the name of "The Hoyne Professorship of International and Constitutional Law." He was greatly desirous of promoting thorough education in a profession to which was committed the highest truths in relation to the lives, liberties and property of the citizen.

He has set an example of industry and independence to the young, and of generous liberality and duty to his prosperous associates. He hated idleness and dependence. In his needy days he did not hesitate to accept any respectable available employment, until he could obtain that more suited to his ability and taste. He made his fortune not by speculation, but by diligent labor and economy, and careful and judicious investment.

After being associated as a partner with several prominent members of the bar, Mr. Hoyne formed with two of his students, the firm of Hoyne, Horton & Hoyne, composed of himself, Oliver H. Horton, and his son, Thomas M., whose established business character and reputation is one of the heir-looms he leaves behind him.

His life is another illustration of the oft-repeated assertion that no profession is more worthy than the legal, and no life more honorable or successful than that of an upright, able, conscientious, faithful and public-spirited lawyer.

Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, in rising and moving the adoption of the minute, reported by Mr. Scammon, said:

Ossian, a poet of other days, whose sentiment often touched the soul of our deceased comrade, speaking of

one of those old heroes, whom he immortalized, said: "No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb when thou art lowly laid," and again, "Raise my tomb—grey stones and a mound of earth shall send my name to other times."

Thus the ancient bard gave expression to the almost universal feeling that when we are laid away in the grave, some kind words shall be spoken over our remains. And the desire to place upon the green sod which covers the remains of our friends some tribute of affection, is equally universal.

When I last met Mr. Hoyne, on an occasion like this, his stalwart frame and physical vigor suggested the thought, "He will survive most of his old associates of the bar, and his kindly voice will speak friendly words at our departure." The order has been reversed; the younger and more vigorous has been taken, while we survive.

More perhaps than any other, he united the past and the present. Contemporary with the members of the old bar of Chicago, he was an associate with the present members in active practice.

It is not my purpose to speak of him to-day at any length. Arrangements have been made, which will result, I hope, in a full biographical memoir of him before the Chicago Historical Society, of which he had long been a member, and of which, at the time of his death, he was vice-president. I will speak briefly of him to-day as a lawyer and a citizen. He has long occupied a prominent position at this bar. For nearly forty years his manly form and eloquent voice has been familiar in all our courts. During all this long period his professional character was without a blemish. Ardent, impetuous and zealous, he made the cause of his client his own to an

extent rarely equaled, but his eager desire for success never tempted him to seek it by improper means. His sense of professional honor was nice, clear and decided. All who met him in forensic battle, or who were associated with him, knew that the battle would be fought with fair weapons, with clean hands. There would be no foul blows given, no tricks, nothing underhanded. So I think it may be truly said that no corrupt means ever dimmed the glory of his professional victories. He was a good lawyer, industrious and careful, and he thoroughly studied and prepared his cases. He was a vehement, an impassioned and sometimes an eloquent advocate. His temper was quick, impulsive and at times irritable, but he was magnanimous, generous and forgiving, and where he erred most ready to acknowledge and repair his error.

His victories were won with the downright blows of the battle-ax of Richard of the Lion Heart, rather than the scimiter of Saladin. I recall as among the most notable cases in which I was ever associated with him, the defense of young Busch, a boy scarcely eighteen years old, indicted for murder. He had shot and instantly killed a carpenter on State street. Mr. Hoyne was my associate in the defense, and a most careful and efficient one he was. The case, as nearly as I can now recall it, after a lapse of over twenty years, was this: The father of young Busch was living in a wooden house on State street. The owner of the adjoining lot claimed that the building of Busch encroached a few inches over the line. There was a conflict in the surveys. The owner of the lot adjoining that of Busch began the erection of a brick building and found he could not build up to his line, as he claimed it, without cutting a few inches off the house and home of Busch. Without waiting to bring an ejectment,

the builder and his workmen undertook to cut down Busch's house. Young Busch was instructed to protect his father's house and home. As the carpenter, standing on a ladder, was cutting down a part of Busch's house, the boy ascended the ladder, and with a pistol shot and killed the carpenter. Our defense was that it was justifiable homicide, in protecting his father and house—his castle. Judge John M. Wilson presided, and qualified our law, so that the result was likely to be a verdict of manslaughter. But in the examination of the eye-witnesses there arose a conflict of evidence as to whether, at the moment the pistol was fired, the carpenter was not in the very act of striking with his broad-ax at the head of Busch, a blow which would have caused instant death. And if so, whether young Busch did not save his own life by taking that of the carpenter. On careful examination it was found that the carpenter dropped his ax the moment the pistol was fired, and that the blade had struck and penetrated the platform on which the ladder was raised, and a diagram showing the position of the parties, and the cut in the platform demonstrated that the ax was in actual motion toward the head of Busch when the lad fired; and that it did not fall in a straight line toward the earth, but described an arc in the direction of Busch, and the boy was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. I recall the incident as illustrating the zeal, intelligence, and ability with which Mr. Hoyne aided in the defense.

As a citizen Mr. Hoyne was a model. He never shirked his duty, but was ready and willing to make sacrifices, and to work to promote whatever was good and useful, and to antagonize and resist wrong. He was full of courage and zeal, and ready to make vigorous war

upon corruption and fraud. No corporation was rich enough to buy or silence him. No combination of political demagogues could seduce him with office; or frighten him from exposing and denouncing wrong. He was never mixed up in any of the jobs by which the history of our city has been disgraced, and which have besmirched so many otherwise fair reputations. Against all such, and all schemes of plunder, he was ever recognized as a bold, open and unflinching enemy. He was a Tribune of the people, staunch, faithful and ever reliable, so that it is not too much to say that the plunderers of the public, the rings and cliques eager to steal, to grow rich out of the corrupt jobs which abound in our great cities, all felt relieved at his death. They realized that a bold, zealous and incorruptible watch-dog of the public would no longer expose and defeat their schemes of plunder and spoliation. The "Twecds" of our city felt that they could pursue their schemes with less damage. They felt more safe when Hoyne was dead. They realized that there will now be more safety in offering or accepting a bribe. The security of public and private property is lessened by his death. This is the highest praise that can be bestowed on a citizen, but Hoyne has earned it.

He was also liberal with his means, and ever ready to open his purse for all worthy objects. The Chicago University, the Astronomical Observatory, the Public Library and the Historical Society, were each the recipients of liberal contributions of money, as well as of his care and labor in administration.

If we lift the veil of his private life, we find everything to respect, and admire, and love, and nothing to condemn, and so we can say, our brother was an upright, able and most honorable lawyer, a model citizen, a pure Christian,

and in every relation an honest and noble man. As such, let us cherish and honor his memory.

Hon. J. R. DOOLITTLE, in seconding Mr. Arnold's motion, said: Words fail to tell how deep and sharp the pang which the death of Thomas Hoynes brought to the heart of this city—not only to the bar, of which he had long been one of the best and noblest, but to all classes of its citizens; all, all knew him; and many thousands had known him long and well. His friends nearly idolized him, the masses loved him, and his foes respected and honored him, not only for the strength of his mind and the force of his will, for his noble and commanding presence and mysterious personal magnetism, but for that frank, open, manly courage, which always says what it means and means what it says; and, above all, for that stalwart vigor, that hatred of wrong and trick and sham, that intense love of right, that fearless enthusiasm for justice, which, in him, seemed to lean upon and to take hold of the Almighty for its strength—that supreme quality of the soul which inspires others and makes one a born leader and prince among men.

I repeat, not the bar alone, but this whole city felt that death-stroke. I doubt if the death of any other of the 600,000 here could have moved it more deeply, or caused more universal grief.

As has been truly said, he was eminent in his profession, a wise counselor, an eloquent advocate, and a successful man of affairs. He stood in the front rank, and yet, perhaps, he was more eminent still as a citizen, among the foremost of those whose character and achievements have been identified with the history and growth of this great city.

Born in the city of New York, to toil and to poverty,

at the age of twelve he lost his father, and, a year later, his mother. At thirteen, an orphan, the eldest of seven, he was bound out as an apprentice, and worked five years, until he was eighteen years of age. But, in the midst of toil, he showed a thirst for knowledge, and more than that, the self-denial and industry to educate himself. He attended night schools and literary societies. He there showed the natural gifts of logic and eloquence, which, if trained, would fit him for the master profession, to which he soon turned all his thoughts. At the age of nineteen he began the study of the law in the office of Judge Brinkerhoff, in the city of New York. The year after, at the age of twenty, he came here, when Chicago was a mere village, at a time when it was crushed under the panic of 1837. But work was no stranger to him, and hard times did not appall him. To support himself, he worked in the clerk's office at \$10 a week. In 1838 he taught a public school—one of the first organized here—and resumed his legal studies in the office of Hon. J. Y. Scammon. At the age of twenty-two he was admitted to the bar of Illinois, in the autumn of 1839. In September, 1840, he was married to Leonora Maria Temple, a daughter of Dr. Temple, one of the earliest and foremost of the settlers of Chicago.

With the exception of a brief residence at Galena, Chicago has always been his home. And in all things he has been identified with its progress. He grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. I can add nothing to what has been said of his public spirit and works of charity; of what he has done in aid of its institutions of learning, the University, the Dearborn Observatory, the founding of the College of Law, and endowment of a professorship—in all these things he was as gener-

ous, catholic and liberal as he was known to be in religious opinions—cherishing his own, yet respecting the opinions of others.

Like the city of his choice, full of ambition, energy, industry, courage and enthusiasm, his broad, generous nature saw in every man a brother man, and recognized his equal right to live, and to toil, and to enjoy the fruits of his labor. In no man that breathes did the warm pulse of human brotherhood beat truer or stronger than in him. He sometimes was impulsive, blunt, violent, and almost offensive, and spoke in no measured words, but he was always true—true to his friends and true to his enemies. Endowed with a wonderful memory of men, for many years he personally knew every citizen of Chicago. And after it had grown too large for him to know every citizen, very few could be found here who were not familiar with his name and character, and could not recognize him as he so lately walked these streets in full vigor—every inch a man.

The whole city mourns the death of Thomas Hoyne. But beyond the city, the State of Illinois and the Nation mourn the loss of an able lawyer, an honest man, an ardent patriot, an eminent citizen.

It may not be out of place for me to say a few words of him as a citizen of the United States.

His political convictions, his strong sense of justice, his love of the equal rights of men, reared as he was in the school of Jefferson and Jackson, made him an earnest democratic republican. He maintained the equal rights of the states in the Union, under the Constitution, to regulate their own domestic institutions in their own way, not only the relations of parent and child, husband and wife, master and apprentice, but the relations of master

and slave. At the same time, by every conviction of his reason and every instinct of his nature, he was utterly opposed to human slavery.

Therefore, after the close of the Mexican war, which brought to the United States large free territories, we find him utterly and inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery into free territory. That idea severed him from the democratic party, then under the lead of General Cass, in 1848, who, in the Nicholson letter, favored the diffusion of slavery as a mode of extinguishing it; just as if the diffusion of polygamy from Utah into the territories of Arizona, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming would be the best means of overthrowing it.

With all the earnestness and force of his character he supported the free soil party of 1848, and was named a presidential elector for Van Buren and Adams. The diffusion theory of General Cass was defeated with his own defeat. California was admitted as a free state in 1851, giving to the free states a majority in the Senate.

In 1852, as both of the great parties had come to a finality, as they supposed, upon the slavery question, and no further question as to its extension was involved, he gave his support to General Pierce, and acted with the democratic party until 1861, when the leaders at the south attempted secession, and to overthrow the Union under the Constitution. Then, as in Senator Douglas, the great democratic leader of Illinois, "his patriotism rose to a white heat." As a member of the Union Defense Committee, he wrote that appeal to the people of Illinois which did so much to fill its regiments with democrats as well as republicans. As one of the committee, he visited President Lincoln to urge the campaign down the Mississippi river in 1862. And until the civil war was ended and

every soldier in arms against the government had surrendered, he gave to the administration his constant and unflinching support.

When the war was over, he responded to the call for the Union Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1866. With William B. Ogden, another of Chicago's greatest citizens, he attended it as one of the delegates at large from Illinois. It was an extraordinary convention. I have seen several great conventions, but never one equal to that. As I have said, Hoyne and Ogden were delegates at large from this state. From Pennsylvania, every man who had been a governor was there, except one, and he was unable to go by reason of his great age; every man that had been a judge of the Supreme court was there; and men equally distinguished from many other states.

It was the first meeting of the north and the south after the war was over. It was the first reunion—the first coming together to strike hands across the bloody chasm of a civil war, which cost the lives of near 500,000 of the bravest and the best, and a waste and destruction of more than \$5,000,000,000 of values.

Mr. Hoyne with Mr. Ogden was there, and witnessed that famous meeting of the delegations of Massachusetts and South Carolina—the former headed by General Couch of the Union army, the other by General Orr, of the Confederate army—both stalwart and splendid-looking men. He saw those delegations as they marched arm in arm through the aisles of that immense wigwam, where over 15,000 were assembled. He heard those cheers—cheers such as he never heard before or since—cheers that went up to heaven, in gratitude to Almighty God because the war was over, because no more blood was to flow, because no more sons and brothers were to go down to

battle and to death, because peace, blessed peace, had come, and come to stay, because hereafter there would be but one Union, one Constitution, one Country, and that country forever free from human slavery.

No act of his life gave to him more satisfaction than to have been a delegate to that convention in 1866, and to the principles and declarations, unanimously adopted by that convention, he always remained true and steadfast.

While Mr. Hoyne had all the elements of popularity, he seldom allowed his name to be presented for the people's suffrages.

When once nominated for Congress, and at a time when he was reasonably certain of election, he withdrew from the canvass, in favor of a personal friend.

In the spring of 1876, in a great emergency, rising above party, he was elected mayor of this city by 33,000 majority.

Generally acting with the democratic party, because he believed it to be generally right, there were times when his conscience would not allow him to be bound by the acts of its caucuses and conventions, when they were clearly wrong.

Weak men go with their party, right or wrong. They fear the charge of inconsistency, or of treason to the party. They tremble at the lash of the party whip. But not so with Mr. Hoyne. In mere matters of form or expediency he was ready to yield. But in a matter of clear principle, it was with him a matter of conscience in which he knew no master, and would submit to no dictator. He acted with his party when he believed it to be right, against it when he believed it to be wrong. Instead of being weak, changing or inconsistent in doing so, he was strong, for he was guided by the light of truth;

and his course was as straight and direct to his object as a ray of sunlight which shines across the clouds of a changing sky.

The motion to adopt the minute was unanimously carried, and on motion of Mr. Arnold, it was voted that the proceedings of the meeting be published, and that individual members of the bar be appointed to move the various courts of this city, and the Supreme court that they spread upon their records a copy of the minute; and also that a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

Judge Caton appointed as such committee the following named gentlemen:

The Hon. J. Y. Scammon, to the Supreme court; the Hon. Judge Skinner, to the United States courts; the Hon. O. H. Horton, to the Appellate court; Hon. B. F. Ayer, to the Superior court; the Hon. E. B. McCagg, to the Circuit court, and the Hon. M. R. M. Wallace, to the Probate court.

In putting a motion to adjourn, the chairman, Judge CATON, said:

The time cannot be far distant when, for some of us, the bar will be called together to say words good or bad in regard to us. There are but few left of what may be called the old Chicago bar. Most of our associates have gone before us. A few of us are left as monuments, or as witnesses of that old Chicago bar. We look about us and see a new generation of lawyers, who have come up and taken upon themselves the duties of the profession; and I can say for myself, and I think I can say for my old associates, that it is with great satisfaction that we see how ably and how honorably our successors are discharging the duties which once rested upon us. Our friend

was of that old number, and, probably, the most vigorous, the most promising for long life of all those who survived up to his time, of all his contemporaries. Yet, in the administration of a wise Providence, inscrutable, it is true, he has been called away, and we are left. His voice shall be no longer heard among us, but his name will survive in our memories while memory lasts.

The meeting then adjourned.

Appellate Court.

In the Appellate court of Illinois, First district, Mr. O. H. HORTON, the partner of Mr. Hoyne, in presenting the memorial of the Bar Association, made the following address:

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT: I hold in my hand a copy of a memorial adopted at a meeting of the bar of this city to the memory of the late Thomas Hoyne. By that meeting, and in my absence from the city, I was requested to present the same to this court, and ask that it be spread upon the records.

It may be proper for me to add a few words. Nearly a quarter of a century since I entered the office of Mr. Hoyne, and for twenty years immediately preceding his death, I was associated with him as a partner. Few, if any, outside of the members of his own immediate family, have had equal opportunities to know his real character and the motives and impulses which controlled

him. The numerous official positions held by him, as well as his connection with the various worthy and influential local organizations, and the more public acts of his life, have been referred to by others since his decease. I may, therefore, be permitted to speak more especially of his character and life as known to those in the more intimate relations with him.

Nearly the whole of Mr. Hoyne's life was devoted to the practice of his loved profession. To him there was no calling more honorable. He was not a lawyer merely for gain—that was secondary. He regarded his profession as the best possible avenue of obtaining a broad, liberal and practical knowledge of men and things as they are, rather than as they may be made to appear by theorists. He was proud of the profession, and at all times, and on all occasions a defender of it from whatever source it might be assailed by sneer or ridicule, insinuation or denunciation. To discredit or deride it was to him a personal insult.

And yet no lawyer ever regarded the unworthy members of the profession with more genuine contempt than did he. The professional pretender had no more uncompromising adversary. To the one, however, who was honestly mistaken, or who failed after an industrious and faithful effort, none were more charitable or ready to extend a helping hand. He was the especial friend of the worthy and struggling young lawyer—for him he always had a word of encouragement and good cheer.

In the practice of his profession Mr. Hoyne first attempted to ascertain the equity and justice of the question involved. The final settlement of this question, in his mind, determined his course, and it required very strong and convincing proofs to change his convictions. His

fidelity to his client, and what he believed to be his client's interest, could never be properly questioned. Indeed, so strong did this consideration become, and so completely did it take possession of him, that any opposition or any intimation that it was wrong was received almost as personal.

In the practice of his profession he knew no artifice. Here, as in all other matters, he drove directly and openly at the substance. In a general sense all pleadings were to him alike and of little consequence.

As an advocate he was especially and deservedly known and recognized as a leader. He possessed a commanding presence and a good gift of language. Being not only an observer of the doings of the day, but an extensive and retentive general reader, he drew for his illustrations with equal ease and readiness from history, biography, mythology and fiction, or from the incidents of every day life, and especially those of early local history. These qualities used in presenting the facts in a case, which was done with an earnestness and skill rarely equaled and never excelled, and reinforced with the abiding and unswerving conviction that he was in the right, which conviction he usually imparted to those whom he addressed, aided largely in making him the powerful and convincing advocate that he was.

In all the affairs of life with which he was connected, and in all the issues which he considered, whether professional, political or otherwise, he had the courage of his convictions. This was true in politics, whether local, state or national. His personal regard for individuals, or candidates for office was never allowed to swerve him from what he believed to be right and for the best interest of the people. Being a man of convictions, and bold and

fearless both in words and actions in sustaining his convictions, and being at all times ready to take an active part in denouncing and resisting trickery and corruption, he was relied upon by all who knew him, and confidence in him was the most implicit in those who knew him best. "What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience?"

Mr. Hoyne was no dissembler. To him shams, shoddy and pretense were synonymous with fraud, dishonesty and deception. And this was not the result of prejudice or caprice, but was the natural result and outgrowth of his convictions; that the outward life should be, and usually is, a correct index of the inward purpose. The purpose being to deceive, to appear to be or to have what the facts would not warrant, was not honest, and therefore to be openly and unreservedly condemned. While he was bold, fearless and relentless in his denunciations, yet, if he felt or believed that in the heat of argument he had wounded or done injustice to another, especially a brother member of the bar, he could not rest contented until he had sought to make reparation. There was but one way in which his opposition could be removed, or his denunciation silenced, and that was by convincing him that his conclusions were wrong. While he retained the conviction that he was right, opposition but nerved him to bolder and more determined and active resistance. He was not only honest, but he always stood upon the higher plane of true honor.

Mr. Hoyne was in the fullest sense of the term a self-made man. Nearly his whole life from boyhood onward was spent in this city. No great improvement, no step forward in the interest of the municipality, or of the per-

sons composing it, was conceived or advanced but that he took an active interest in, and was an active supporter of it, if it commended itself to him. No history of this city or of this state can be properly written, or be complete, which shall fail to recognize him.

Feelings of personal admiration and love may not be here expressed by me. A noble and genuine man is gone. The community has lost one of its oldest and best known and truest citizens. Our profession has lost one of its ablest and purest and most devoted members.

I now move that, as an additional tribute to his memory, said memorial of his professional brethren be spread at length upon the records of this court.

Iroquois Club.

At a meeting of the Iroquois Club on Tuesday evening, August 7, 1883, the following proceedings were had in reference to the death of the late Thomas Hoyne:

Mr. ERSKINE M. PHELPS, president of the club, said:

The death of the Honorable Thomas Hoyne will form one of the saddest chapters in the history of our club. He was known to three generations—to the old settler, to the men in middle life, and to the young men—and his name will be remembered in the far distant future as one of the grandest characters of his time. He always used his influence to advance and perpetuate the best interests of his fellow-citizens, and the state, the city and

this club have met with a great loss. He was one that feared nothing except to do wrong, and his heart was as great as the world, though there was no room in it to hold the memory of an injury. I will not detain you longer, as there are many present who can eulogize his character much better and more appropriately than myself. Having been appointed in my absence chairman of a committee to prepare a paper to be submitted for record, I present, on their behalf, the following, which the secretary will now read:

Memorial.

In commemoration of the affectionate regard of its members for their late brother, Thomas Hoyne, of their appreciation of his worth, their sense of the loss sustained in his death, and their respectful sympathy with his bereaved family, the Iroquois Club places on its record the following minute:

Thomas Hoyne was born in the city of New York, February 11, 1817, and was left an orphan at an early age, dependent upon his own unaided exertions. He engaged in mercantile pursuits with energy and success, but in 1836, commenced the study of the law for which he had the strongest predilection, and in 1837 followed his friend, George Manierre, to Chicago, where he continued his legal studies, and being admitted to practice in 1839, entered at once upon that career of distinction as a lawyer, which placed and retained him to the day of his death among the foremost in the profession in his city and state. He was city clerk in 1840; probate justice in 1847, 1848 to 1849; United States District attorney in 1853; United States marshal in 1859; president of the Young Men's Association, of the law department and of the board of trustees of the University, of the Public Library Board; secretary of the Chicago Astronomical Society; life member of the Mechanics' Institute, the Academy of Sciences and the Chicago Historical Society; vice-president of the board of the Hahnemann College; president of the Jeffersonian Club:

vice-president of the Bar Association ; acting mayor of Chicago, etc., etc. Mr. Hoyne in these and other positions displayed great ability and the highest degree of public spirit.

For more than forty years his eloquence has illuminated the bar and the hustings, while his numerous published addresses evince learning, culture, elegance of diction and soundness of reasoning. He has been a prominent citizen of Chicago during the whole life of the municipality, devoted to its interests, assisting in sustaining its burdens, proud of its marvelous growth and prosperity, and anxious for its good name. He has for so long been a part of its wonderful history that his unexpected death falls with the weight of a personal blow upon the entire community.

Mr. Hoyne was a democrat upon conviction. He professed that creed which holds among its essential principles "the support of the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies ; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad ;" economy in the public expense and taxation limited to governmental wants ; that labor may be lightly burdened and not be despoiled of its fruits ; the diffusion of information and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason ; freedom of religion, of the press, of thought and opinion, freedom of the person, of commerce and of avocation ; a jealous care of the right of election by the people and of the equal rights of all men unvexed by monopoly ; that creed which declares for a wise and frugal government, confined to the protection of the rights of the citizen and the preservation of social order, and having as little to do with the general business and interests of the people as possible.

But while these principles placed him in the school of constitutional strict constructionists, no strictness of constitutional construction could close his ears to the moan of the slave, or weaken the force of his adherence to the cause of an undivided union, in its darkest hour.

He was a democrat, but not necessarily a partisan. His belief was in first principles, and therefore the mere machinery of party never obscured with him the great purposes, to subserve which such machinery can only have legitimate existence.

And as above all things he abominated dishonesty, and could not see why a man's life should not be as pure and a man's heart as tender as a child's life and a child's heart, so he loathed political corruption and shrank with abhorrence from that despair of the republic which treats such corruption as inevitable and to be tolerated accordingly.

Mr. Hoyne was one of the founders of this organization, and largely instrumental in the achievement of the success which has attended its efforts. He saw in it a means of elevating the tone of party, of disseminating correct principles of government, and of exerting a salutary influence upon the public welfare.

His wise counsels, his facile pen, his eloquent voice and his delightful companionship will be sadly missed.

His virtues will live in the recollections of his comrades, and the remembrance of what he was and what he did will be transmitted to those who will come after us, to be ever held in honored memory.

Following the memorial, addresses were made by a number of gentlemen, which, as an expression of the estimate in which Mr. Hoyne was held by those who knew him best, and as presenting varied views of his many-sided character are appended.

Mr. M. W. FULLER:

"Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither.

Ripeness is all."

When the final summons came, our brother Hoyne responded, bringing his sheaves with him; the sheaves of a well spent life, the garnered harvest of honorable profes-

sional and business toil, and high minded and public spirited endeavor; of affectionate devotion to family and friends, and of that upright walk and conversation, which leaves a memory the world does not willingly let die. No better illustration of the career open to all men under republican institutions can be imagined than is furnished by the story of the orphaned boy who became the distinguished, useful and beloved man whose departure we now deplore.

Intellectual ability did much for Thomas Hoyne, but indomitable courage and perseverance, and unswerving integrity did more. These enabled him to *deserve* the success which that *commanded*, and to them were added an intrepidity of utterance and a sincerity of conviction so remarkable as in themselves to insure distinction.

The tendency of the time, notwithstanding the roar of much speaking, is to absolute silence or half inarticulate expression on the part of many of the wise and thoughtful. "Silent they are, though not content, and wait to see the future come." But this tendency is rather natural than commendable. To speak out is worth a great deal. Whatever the value of the utterance, there can be no question of the value of having an utterance. Mr. Hoyne was one of those who spoke out. I do not mean that he indulged in talk for the mere sake of talking, but that having decided convictions upon subjects concerning the public weal, he did not ponder in his tent, but gave open and manly battle in support of his opinions. His reputation was not diminished by this, but increased.

A castle—to use the comparison of another—a castle may be defended by dropping the portcullis and drawing up the bridge, or by sallying out upon the surrounding country. Mr. Hoyne did not maintain his high character

by taking refuge behind the entrenchments of caution, but by attacking the enemy in the open field. The simple honesty of his character was as marked as its fearlessness. He, in a just sense, kept himself unspotted from the world. He hated corruption. He could not comprehend how men could come to wear their spots as if they were jewels. He absolutely abjured the theory that in politics or business results cannot be reached except by processes that stain. He refused to regard public or business affairs as pitch that could not be handled without defilement. Impetuous in action, his instincts naturally led him in the right direction. Impetuous in speech, his speech was naturally in support of that which was true and honest, and of good report.

This is not the occasion on which to speak of Mr. Hoyne's professional merits and standing. This association to whose organization and progress he contributed so much, though largely social, is distinctively political. The wise maxim, "that is the best government that governs least," found in Mr. Hoyne an ardent adherent. He was opposed to centralization and in favor of individualism. Believing in local self-government, he was opposed to the destruction of the rights of the States; a sincere lover of the Union he utterly rejected the idea of an inherent power of dissolution among its members. With views of political economy based upon the profound work which with the declaration of independence signalized by monumental land-marks the close of the last century, he indignantly denounced the doctrine which would interpose artificial barriers to the beneficent action of commerce and the intercourse of men and nations with each other. Opposed to making a written constitution blank paper by construction, he did not assent to improvements at the

expense of the general government unless for objects of distinctively national importance, and was, in any view, against extravagant governmental expenditure.

He believed in the equal rights of all men before the law; the repression of monopoly; the purging of the public service of corruption and inefficiency, and the application of the tests for admission to office of honesty and capacity. He was a Jeffersonian democrat, and died in the conviction that the party to which he belonged would be ultimately restored to power, having trampled under its feet the follies, the blunders and the weakness which for a time may have rendered it undeserving of the entire confidence of the people. While to that party his death is a sensible deprivation, he has left to it a bright example, through the imitation of which his hopes will yet find full realization.

And so, Mr. President, we must bid him good-bye, but in the sure and certain hope that we shall see him again. This loving husband and father, this affectionate brother and friend, this good citizen, exemplified in himself that need of loving and of being loved, which affords an impregnable ground on which to base the glorious doctrine of immortality.

The circle narrows as we go,
But only here;
Comrades in life to every heart most dear,
In the eternal realm we yet shall know,
With a diviner knowledge than below.

HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL.

MR. PRESIDENT: I came here this evening more out of respect to the memory of our departed friend, and to hear what should be said by others, than expecting to say

anything myself that would be new or of interest to those that hear it. My acquaintance with Mr. Hoyne, although it dates back many years, was not intimate until recently, and never as intimate, probably, as that of many others. I knew him as a lawyer many years ago. I do not remember now when I first met him, but for the last fifteen or twenty years I have met him more frequently and known more of him. The characteristics of the man which always struck me were his earnestness and frankness. There was no concealment about him. He was outspoken. He was an enthusiastic man, an independent man, a man of convictions, and a fearless man. He was not afraid to avow his opinions. You always knew where to find him.

The minute which has been prepared here shows he has held various public positions, and I think it may be said of him that he discharged the duties of every one of them satisfactorily, without any blemish upon his reputation. I did not know him as a lawyer as well as some others, but he was a public-spirited man. Whatever was started in the community where he lived, calculated to benefit mankind, to relieve suffering, to improve society, to advance education, had his hearty support. He was a liberal man, liberal in his views, and with his means; and as an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by those who knew him, we saw at his funeral one of the largest assemblages that ever convened on such an occasion—an assemblage drawn together not by any imposing ceremonies of military display or of societies to which he may have belonged, but an outpouring of the people—which reminded me of the most remarkable funeral which I ever attended, where I saw the largest assemblage which I have ever seen; where there was no military parade, no organized

societies to swell the crowd, but where the streets for five miles were lined with vast multitudes of people, drawn together out of respect to the departed. Not a bell was tolled, not a drum was beat, not a gun was fired, but with uncovered heads two hundred thousand people stood silent as the body was borne along to its last resting place. I thought of this as I witnessed the large concourse of people that assembled to pay their last respects to our departed friend the other day.

So far as I know, Mr. Hoyne had no enemies, and that is singular. That a man of his positive character, of his decided opinions, of his open declaration of what he thought, should have no enemies, is wonderful. A man of that character is apt to create antagonism, and I can only account for his not giving offense by the fact that in the expression of his opinions and of his convictions, he always carried with their declaration to his hearer the conviction that he was sincere and honest in what he said. He was permitted to differ with others and antagonize them in strong and decided language, and they put up with it without offense, for they knew he was honest in his convictions. He was true; he was fearless; he was liberal, and the world is better for his having been here.

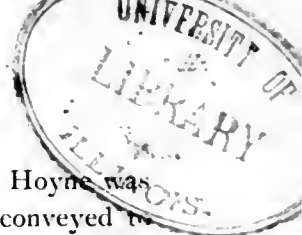
As has been said here to-night, he was connected with three generations; he belonged to that older class of the community which is rapidly passing away. Perhaps I appreciate this more than some of the younger members of the legal profession, and some of the younger of his acquaintances. One after another those with whom I have been contemporary are passing away; but few are left, and it will be fortunate for the rest of us, whose end draweth nigh, if, when our time comes, it can be said of

us, as we may say to-day of Mr. Hoyne—he was an upright, an honest, a truthful man; he served his country well, and has left an example worthy of imitation for all who follow him.

MAYOR HARRISON.

GENTLEMEN: I hardly feel as if I were capable of saying anything of Mr. Hoyne that would be of any interest to this assemblage; I am not one of those who believe in idle or empty panegyric. I believe it is too often the habit of men to utter fulsome praise, following the old maxim of "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" I have known Mr. Hoyne for many years. It is twenty-seven or twenty-eight years since I first met him, yet I can say probably that I never knew him intimately. I should judge from his manner and bearing that but few men could know him intimately; his bearing, manner and character had that dignity that could be called severe; a reserve that was almost hard; that would prevent many from approaching too closely to him, and allowing but a very few to become intimately his friends. Though meeting him quite often socially, a great many times in ordinary gatherings of men and women—not infrequently on public occasions, and quite often in discussions and consultations regarding the affairs of the city, or on business, I arrived at this conclusion as to his character: that his was an earnest character—so earnest that it might be called intense.

It is some twenty-seven years ago, I think, that I happened to be passing by some place here in this locality, where there was public speaking going on. I was com-



paratively a new comer. I went in, and Mr. Hoyne was making a speech. The impression that he conveyed to me then has never left me; that is, the impression of a man greatly in earnest in whatever he said and whatever he did. All of my intercourse with him since then has rather increased the feeling that I then had. I can say this for Mr. Hoyne, that his earnestness was that of one never giving his talents to anything that was little, and always for the good of the public. As Mr. Leiter remarked in his letter, he was an intense hater of shams; so intense that he oftentimes thought things were shams simply because he had not looked into them, and despised the thing so much, that many things were shams to him that probably were not really so. I have had a good deal of intercourse with him in connection with city affairs and public affairs. I never knew one in all my life more earnest than he was in his desire to see that done which was for the good of this city and this people. He would often approach me with almost vituperations about something that was going on not according to what he thought was just right, but after talking for awhile and showing him that he might be mistaken, I always found that he was ready to concede to argument that which was due to argument.

He was always ready to look within, even though he came with the intention of smashing what appeared to him to be a wrong, but when he saw that it was right, he readily conceded it, although sometimes it was a little difficult for him to acknowledge it for some time. I do not think I know of a man who has lived in Chicago since I have been here, who could be said to be more sincerely patriotic than he was. He admired Chicago, he loved it; and his irascibility was aroused to its highest pitch when

he thought any one was intending to do that which he thought was wrong, or which would trench on the rights of the people and upon the rights of this city.

That he was an honest man, none that knew him well could for a moment doubt. With great prejudices; yet I never knew his prejudices, when we were together, not readily yielding to that which he thought was honest, and he always despised and reprobated that which was dishonest. I am one of those who believe that the proudest feeling a man can have when approaching his end, is that his fellow-men can say, when they approach his tomb: "Here lies an honest man." All other characteristics fall as nothing in weight compared to that; I believe Mr. Hoyne was of that character. He was blunt in the extreme; yet there was, with all of his bluntness and his reserve, a warmth of heart that, when he took you by the hand, even though he said but little, made you feel that there was the grasp of a warm heart behind.

But few men have lived here who will leave a better record than he has left. His example is one that all should follow; a kind father—that I know, for I have seen him among his family—a loving husband, a patriotic citizen and an honest man. Write that epitaph upon his tombstone—and no one can have that epitaph written in letters more bold and more brilliant.

We all know that he was a man of strong intellect. He was critical, yet the characteristic of his mind was strength more than anything else. He was a strong man. A strong and earnest man. We here, as members of this club, may well regret his untimely taking off. As citizens and as democrats, members of this brotherhood, we shall always regret the man who was taken from us,

because we regarded him as one of the strong, earnest men of our city and of our club.

I am glad the club has met together to express in resolutions their admiration of his character, and I only regret that I cannot say something that would make stronger what has already been expressed.

JUDGE THOS. A. MORAN.

Mr. CHAIRMAN: It is natural for a lawyer, when he comes to speak of a deceased brother in the profession, to speak of him from a professional standpoint, as he is more likely to know him from that than from any other point of view. As has been well said by a gentleman who preceded me, however, his professional character and standing, so high and eminent at this bar, will be more appropriately spoken of at a meeting of his professional brethren. Here the aspect in which we are to call to recollection the characteristics of our deceased friend is in that view of his character that pertains more particularly to him as a citizen.

It has been well said that he was the friend and adviser of three generations of men, the old settlers, the middle-aged men, and the young men of to-day. I suppose I may fairly class myself among those of the middle age. My acquaintance with Mr. Hoyne commenced about the year 1866, but it was not intimate until the occasion when he was elected by such an overwhelming majority of the people as acting mayor of this city. Circumstances threw me into familiar relations with him during the time that he administered the affairs of the city, and from that time to this I have regarded myself as one of his close and

warm friends. Much has been said, and all that has been said is true, with reference to the character of Mr. Hoyne, and much that I would have said myself, has been said, and it is left, therefore, only for me to allude to one or two aspects in which I think he is to be remembered; and one is this: one of the dangers of to-day, one of the things that thoughtful men, it seems to me, in this time have their attention most directed to, and are seeking most carefully to guard against, is what may be known as infamous political methods.

Now, one of the impressions that Mr. Hoyne always made upon me, in all the intercourse that I had with him, political and otherwise, was this, he saw a principle clearly, he was a strong believer in his party faith, he ardently desired to have that party creed carried into political action by the success of his party; but he utterly abhorred and detested the idea that that political faith should ever be carried into political action by anything like a dishonest political method. There was nothing about him that was sly. He was not a manager; he was not a wirepuller. There was no chicane or intrigue about him. He did not know how to make such a fight as that. As has been well said, he walked out into the open fields where there was plenty of room all around him, and there he invited the attack of his enemy, and there he stood and maintained his ground. That was his characteristic in political action. He made a square, manly, upright fight for political principle, and he had an utter detestation and intense abhorrence of everything like political chicane, political intrigue, or infamous political methods or action.

Now, in losing him at this time, when there is so little—so little, I may be permitted to say, without intending

to enter upon the domain of party politics — so little that in principle divides the parties, when it seems to me it is more a question of political methods, honest political methods, than anything else, the loss of such a man at this time is a great loss. Let us as democrats remember and profit by the example of our dead friend. Let us recollect that no matter how ardently we may desire the control of the government that our principles may be carried out, and that, as we believe, honest methods may be introduced, we can never afford from the standpoint of our dead friend—we can never afford to take the control of the government through any other than honest and American methods. That was one phase of his character that has impressed itself upon me so strongly that, if I never had read the lesson elsewhere in my life, I never should be able to forget it.

Another thought occurs to me. Thomas Hoyne has, in my opinion, without attempting to give him any fulsome or extraordinary praise, impressed himself more upon the city of Chicago as a city, than any other man within my knowledge. I know of no man now, I can think of none, living or dead, who has impressed himself on the city of Chicago so strongly and so markedly as Thomas Hoyne. Fellow citizens, just reflect for a moment, how many things have been done, have been accomplished that would not have been accomplished if he had not been a citizen of Chicago, and how many things are left undone that would have been done if he had not been a citizen of Chicago. Why, you can imagine it gentlemen, but it cannot be computed. He was to his political enemies a terror, and many schemes, many efforts to despoil the public, would have come to the front and have been successful, if it had not been for fear of the lion-like indigna-

tion of Thomas Hoyne. He was a terror to his political enemies in that respect, and he was a mentor, sir, to his political friends. Why, I can almost see, as the news came to him that some scheme was under way—as the idea came to him that something was going to be done to injure the character of the city, to bring disgrace upon it, or to put him or his political friends in a wrong attitude—I can almost see him as with Jove-like front he assailed the first man that he met upon the streets whom he thought connected with it, and he assailed him in terms that were not to be misunderstood; and he assailed him, as Judge Trumbull says, with an air and with language that imparted to the individual that whether Hoyne was right or wrong, Hoyne was honest and in earnest.

These were the characteristics of Thomas Hoyne, and I say he has left his impression on the city of Chicago. He was an ideal citizen of Chicago. He heartily participated in everything that was undertaken for the benefit of the city. He helped it along, and he was a hot and heavy antagonist of everything that he regarded as being against its interest, and nothing of that kind triumphed without a fight with Thomas Hoyne. I cannot help thinking that when some scheme of plunder is devised in this city; when some intrigue comes to light—as it may come in the future—winding itself about the municipality, shall we not stand and say, “O, for thirty minutes of honest Thomas Hoyne’s hot indignation to arouse honest men, and to strike terror to schemers!”

Such allusions may be out of place on an occasion like this, but what I wish to emphasize is this, such a man as Mr. Hoyne ought not to be let live and die without teaching his lesson. Quick in temper, perhaps sometimes hasty in judgment, but always honest in speech and in

action, he did not, as many citizens do, who are intelligent, and see as clearly as he did, he did not sit quietly by and criticise in a whisper. There are two kinds of good citizens, sir. There is the good, intelligent citizen who goes down to his business every day, who pays his debts honestly, who pays his taxes when the bill is presented, who reads his newspaper, and who in his family or with his next door neighbor criticises the public acts, denounces public corruption and abuses a public officer who has been guilty of some wrong, but who does not attend political meetings, does not go to the primary, frequently neglects to cast his vote, and thus makes no impression whatever upon the politics of his time.

There is the other citizen who is a model citizen, who thinks intelligently, who is informed in public affairs, who sees what is going on, who, whether he is in office or out of office, perceiving that something must be done, does not whisper in the ear of his neighbor, does not secretly think in his own heart, but goes out and goes into action at once. And such a model citizen was Thomas Hoyne, and such was his example for us, and Mr. President, in the hope that such an example shall not be lost, in the hope that among the citizens of Chicago who knew him, among those who are left, some man may be found to in part take his place, and give honest expression to such thoughts as were frequently expressed by Mr. Hoyne, not seeking self, not seeking office, but seeking merely the public weal, and expressing to friend and to foe alike, honest convictions, outspoken and manly, in the hope and belief that his life will have taught this lesson, I can safely say no better example could be set, no higher lesson taught by the life of any citizen.

JUDGE M. F. TULEY.

GENTLEMEN : I expected to be silent on this occasion. I knew that there were many others here who could better speak of Mr. Hoyne, and I, myself, feel so deeply his loss that I am unable to properly express my feelings in regard thereto, and my high appreciation of him as a man and as a citizen. I have known Mr. Hoyne for many years, quite intimately since 1869, when I occupied the position of corporation counsel, and was drawn in connection with him in the various matters relative to the interests of the city. I, like many others, admired his sturdy independence of character, and his great devotion to the public interests. He was an extraordinary man in this particular, that with him the public interest was always first, his private interests secondary, and he was one of the few men of my acquaintance that appeared to have a proper appreciation of his duties to society, his relative duties as a member of society and a citizen. He was not absorbed entirely in the pursuit of self-gratification or self-interest, but he recognized that his first duty was to the public. He was the enemy of all kinds of corruption. He hated all kinds of cunning, artifice and treachery. I have many times discussed public matters with him and always with great profit.

I learned in our many long walks together, not only to admire him, but to have a strong affection for him. I can only add, Mr. President and gentlemen, that I concur in all the eulogy that has been passed upon him, and that I join with all present in deploring his loss.

MR. C. P. KIMBALL.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It would hardly seem fit for me to attempt to add anything to what has already been so ably and admirably said regarding our deceased friend.

I came to Chicago to make this my future home seven years ago the coming November. Within a very few weeks after I came here I was invited to spend the evening with a friend, and there for the first time met Mr. Hoyne, and all of you people who have changed your residence at anything near middle life, will remember the impression that every man makes upon you when you first see him. There is not a public man or a prominent business man in Chicago with whom it has been my good fortune within the last seven years to become acquainted, and my business makes my acquaintance in that way, that has not left an impression of some kind on my mind.

I often think that the impressions I first receive are too strong, that I ought to be more careful, and not form so positive an opinion upon a man's character upon so short an acquaintance, but I generally find that the first impression is the correct one. Mr. Hoyne made a marked impression on my mind the first time I met him; he was so cordial, so kind, so generous, that before I parted with him that evening it seemed to me he had been my life-long friend, and from that moment I formed a friendship for him that I seldom form for any man. I admired, and soon learned to actually love him.

As he passed back and forth from his business he often called at my place of business. Only a few days before he left for the east he called and we had a delightful chat

together, which I enjoyed immensely. I never met Mr. Hoyne and parted from him when I did not feel that I had learned something. I always say when I go to church and hear a minister preach, if I do not know a little more when I go home than I did when I went to church, it was time lost. I do not think I ever left Mr. Hoyne when I did not feel that I knew a little more than when I met him. There was that peculiar characteristic about him that ingratiated him into your heart at once; and every word that has been said here to-night about his marvellous character struck me forcibly in all respects. I never saw a man in my life that more thoroughly impressed me with the purity of his character, the high and lofty aims and aspirations in every sense of the word than Thomas Hoyne. He was as pure as a child. He was earnest and unyielding against everything that he thought was wrong, and as earnest and unyielding for everything he thought was right, and no man, however gifted he may be, and we have Chicago's most gifted sons here to-night, and no one of them, in my judgment, has over-estimated his characteristics, or has over-praised his good qualities and his good character, and no one can possibly express the terrible loss that this state, this city, this club, and his friends have met in the death of our dear, good friend.

COL. SHIRLEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I feel most deeply the solemnity of this occasion, and bring here these wild flowers of affection as my offering to the memory of our departed brother. Perhaps no member of this club has known the deceased longer than I have in the city of Chicago. In the fall of

1849 I bore a letter of introduction to now Judge Mark Skinner, who was then a partner with Mr. Hoyne, and became acquainted with Mr. Hoyne at that time; and since then up to the time of his death, my acquaintance with him was of such a character that I knew him and understood him thoroughly. There was scarcely a week when he was in Chicago that I did not meet him and talk with him. I believe I understood his character; and of all the men I have ever known anywhere at any place I never have known a more bold, fearless, just and upright man. He did nothing for popularity's sake. He did not care when he had espoused a cause and was battling against what he believed to be wrong, whether it pleased the populace or not. He did not think what this man would say or that man would say about him, and how they would vote if he should become a candidate before the people; and in this day of demagogism, of sham, hypocrisy and pretense, it is refreshing to contemplate such a character as Thomas Hoyne's. It is good to think about it. It is good for us here to talk about it. It is good for us to remember it. It is a lesson that many men who may esteem themselves wise in this world might profit by.

He was not a plumed knight, because he disdained the pomp and pageantry of show. What he loved of knight-hood was its cause—its cause! He cared nothing about the show, he cared nothing about the plaudits, but when he saw the cause, when there were wrong-doers, when an injury was about to be inflicted upon his country or his city, or individuals or persons, whether it came from a titled tyrant or a legalized monopoly, Thomas Hoyne, as a true knight, despising the tinsel of show, but seizing the weapons of warfare, the battle-ax, the spear, the

shield and the sword, like Richard of the Lion Heart, he was ever where the fight was the fiercest, dealing stunning blows right and left, thick and heavy, upon the enemy. Ah! he was a true man! and there are very few of them. There are so few that we cannot afford to lose them, and when we do lose them we should come and mingle our tears at the loss, and deplore that there are so few left of such men.

It is a very remarkable thing in this day, when we find men who are always ready to defend the right, regardless of consequences. He would not go in a political convention and see a bad man nominated because it would be for the party's benefit to have him on the ticket. He would denounce that man. He would denounce him so that the people would drop him. Everything with him was for principle, nothing for show, and I say we want a great many such men now. His whole career from the very day that I met him—and what a splendid, magnificent man he was—the very impersonation of manly manhood, and the very first day that I saw him, up to a few days before he left, when I conversed with him on the street, he was ever the bold champion of the people's rights, their protector and their defender under all circumstances, whether it was popular or unpopular!

Now, such a man is a great loss; not only a loss to this club, and a loss to the county, and a loss to the city, but a loss to the great north-west. He did not care anything about political office. He cared nothing about it. If he thought that he could serve the people, if he thought he could serve the interests of Chicago, and it was for them and not for himself, he might take an office, but it was an office that was thrust upon him. He never sought it; he did not want it; he would not have it. And why?

Because he wished to be in an independent position, where he could defend the people's rights, and where he would not have to look behind him to see what this or that man was saying about him. He cared nothing for what was said. He may have done wrong, he may have made mistakes, but he always intended and aimed to do what was right.

Now, we should indeed mourn the loss of such a man. O sir, let the sod rest lightly upon his manly form! Let the summer flowers bloom and shed their fragrance on his grave! Let the falling leaves of Autumn sigh a requiem! Let the vernal showers weep over his grave, and when seasons come and go, and go and come, let them point to the hallowed spot where rest the remains of a man—

—"take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

JUDGE H. M. SHEPARD.

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I shall not detain the club very long, and I should say nothing except for what Colonel Shirley has said, that it is good for us to talk about such a man.

It is pleasing always to speak of the good qualities of others. It is not often we have an occasion such as we have here to-night, to speak of the memory of a man so great, so truly great as Mr. Hoyne was. I do not esteem it essential at all, that a man shall hold lofty public position to be great, or considered great, although in daily parlance we only speak of men as great who fill exalted stations. We forget that in private life a station as exalted as that of Mr. Hoyne bears fruit much richer than that which comes perhaps from public trusts.

It is not appearances, not so much what men do, as it is the results produced from their doings, that constitute greatness; and measured by such a test Mr. Hoyne stands high in the ranks. Resistless in energy, he was typical of this city, which he loved so zealously, and whose broad foundations he so materially helped to lay. That broad-minded, far-sighted, courageous set of men who, in a single generation, created this great city, included no man of clearer purpose, higher resolve, or more determined action, than Thomas Hoyne, and the results of their labors will outlast the deeds of many who, according to the maxims of the world, are styled great.

There is one thing that I have not heard mentioned about Mr. Hoyne to-night that I think should not be passed over even by this club, although there has been so much said in his praise, and that is the versatility of the man. He seemed to know something about almost everything. He was a student, and although his education was so limited in early years, by persistent application he had learned more than most men know, even of books; and of all things he knew far more than not only the average man, but far more than many men who make professions of great knowledge.

Speaking of him politically, and perhaps that is what this club would naturally address itself to more than to any other phase or part of his character—for there will be scientific associations that will speak of him in his capacity as a patron of the sciences—there will be institutions of learning that will pass resolutions commending his endeavors to advance learning, and there will be meetings of his professional brethren, where encomiums will be passed upon his career as a member of the bar, but this club, as was said by the gentleman who first

spoke this evening, this club, perhaps, is the place to speak of him politically, and a great deal has been said about his honesty in politics, in all of which I concur.

That honesty went through all his life, in everything that he did. So far as I have ever seen or heard, he was remarkable in that respect, and the impression made upon me at his funeral was one of the universal love felt for the man here among all classes of people.

I never saw at a funeral of anybody, unless it was some funeral where crowds were attracted by display—I never was at a funeral in my life where there seemed to be all grades and classes of society represented as there was at his. St. Mary's Church was filled with the richest and the humblest of Chicago's citizens. There were servant girls there, and laboring men there, millionaires were there, judges were there, and all classes of men came there upon the shortest notice. And why did they come? It was a question that presented itself to me at the time, and I could not help but think they came because his career was such, and his friendliness for all classes of humanity, so to speak, was so great, that they could not help coming. It was a little tribute they wanted to pay, and they had come from all parts of the city to do it. He liked the people perhaps better than they knew, although he seemed always to be reserved and a little beyond approach, and the people always loved him because I think they had such great confidence in him.

He believed the people were the proper source of curbing wrong. He believed, so to speak, in that paternalism in government where the paternity rested in the people. He believed that the source of power went from the people to the government, and not from the government to the people. He believed that in order to make this nation

great it was better to have the people strong than to have a strong government. That was the principle that I have no doubt actuated him. In all that he did and in all public measures he wanted the people to be the source of strength. He believed in that thoroughly, and in that way was a bright example, and we should keep that thing in mind, I think, when we see so many looking to the government for protection and not to the people.

I had not made any sort of preparation to make any remarks here, and I had no expectation of doing so. I was only led to do so because of Colonel Shirley's saying it is good to talk about such a character.

Mr. A. F. SEEBERGER, in response to the call of the president, declined extended remarks, but expressed the fullest concurrence with the expressions of the meeting, and in few words paid a feeling and appreciative tribute to the memory of the deceased.

A letter was also received from Mr. L. Z. Leiter, regretting his necessary absence and expressing his high regard for the character, and sorrow for the loss of Mr. Hoyne.

Chicago Historical Society.

The Historical Society, at its next meeting after the death of Mr. Hoyne, appointed a committee to prepare a memorial. Owing to the ill-health of the chairman of the committee, the Hon. John Wentworth, the report was delayed until the meeting of the society in October, 1884,

when an extended biographical sketch and tribute to the character and public services of Mr. Hoyne was reported by Mr. Wentworth and accepted by the society. As the memorial has already been published by the Historical Society, it is not repeated here, but the following extract indicates the society's appreciation of Mr. Hoyne, and reflects some phases of his character and public services not so fully presented elsewhere:

WHEREAS, During the vacation of this society, on the night of the 27th of July, 1883, by an accident upon the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, near Carlyon, in the State of New York, Chicago lost one of its oldest and most valuable citizens, the cause of Chicago's early history one of its most ardent devotees, and this society one of its most active members, it is responsive to the sentiments of his colleagues in this body that the following expression should be placed upon its record.

Thomas Hoyne was born in New York City, February 11, 1817. At the age of thirteen he was an orphan without means. He arrived at Chicago September 1, 1837. In the autumn of 1838 he was a school teacher near the corner of Lake and Canal streets, and the district committee-men who employed him, Asahel Pierce, Francis H. Taylor and Anson S. Sherman, still live, as well as the school inspector, John Wentworth, who first met him there. Chicago's highly respected old citizen, and for a long time Justice of the Peace and Alderman, Calvin DeWolf, was his predecessor in the school. Previous to him was C. S. Bailey. He early distinguished himself as an organizer of lyceums and as a participant in the debates therein. In 1840 he was elected City Clerk. During this year (September 17) he married, when he was at the age of 23, Leonora, the daughter of Dr. John T. Temple, one of our oldest and most respected citizens. In 1847 he was Judge of Probate, United States District Attorney in 1853, United States Marshal in 1859, and *ad interim* and *de facto* Mayor, elected by an almost unanimous vote during the time of our city's greatest emergency, in 1876.

During a residence of over forty years he was an active, use-

ful and exemplary citizen, always fearlessly outspoken in the cause of economy, honesty, liberty and progress. Honest money, equivalent to its face in gold, never had a more devoted champion than Thomas Hoyne. His word was as good as his note, and he never sought or used a charter to cloak his individual dishonor. He ever rejected the doctrine that a man should not be held responsible in this world or in the next for his acts inside of a corporation, always regarding his corporate honor as sacred as his personal. He could never understand how one and the same person could be a saint in his individual capacity and a demon in his corporate capacity. He was an active member of the Union Defense Committee during the war, and of the Municipal Reform Club after it closed. He was one of the earliest protestants against the encroachments of the slave power upon our free territories.

As an early and ardent advocate of our park system there may be those who may contest priority with him. But to him belongs the undisputed credit of originating the idea of a continuous line of boulevards around our city.

As a preventer of corporate encroachments upon individual rights, Chicago has not had an abler man than Thomas Hoyne. He was always a man for an emergency, abounding in moral courage and having public confidence at his back. The people could ever trust Thomas Hoyne, and he never abused this trust. He was a leading member of the Chicago Bar, and no man was more highly respected by the judiciary or his professional brethren.

His personal activity and strength of mind increased with age, and he has left to his seven children (of every one of whom any parent could be proud) a rich legacy in his doctrine, illustrated by his example, that personal, professional, corporate, religious, financial and political honor is identical and inseparable. As an impromptu orator to miscellaneous crowds suddenly met in public places, Chicago has had no equal to Thomas Hoyne, and no man has ever lived to question the sincerity of his motives in his unstudied efforts to arouse the masses to a sense of the injustice inflicted upon them.

This society, recognizing the value of the services and example of such an early and long-tried citizen as Thomas Hoyne, does hereby as token of deserved and heart-felt respect,

Resolve, That a copy of this preamble and testimonial be entered upon its records and a copy thereof be forwarded to his bereaved family; and furthermore, that a portrait of him be requested of them to be hung upon the walls of this institution, to remain as a memorial to posterity of one of the brightest ornaments of Chicago's early history.

Public Library.

At a special meeting of the board of directors of the Chicago Public Library, held July 31, 1883, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, death has suddenly removed from our midst the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, who was president of the board of directors of the Chicago Public Library during all its early years, the present board of directors desire to record their high appreciation of his eminent abilities, his great worth of character, and his untiring labors for the public good.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Hoyne the Public Library has lost its most able supporter, to whose wisdom and administrative ability the library is largely indebted for its successful organization and permanent prosperity.

Resolved, That in his death we mourn the loss of a large-souled, philanthropic, gifted and honored citizen, who has contributed in a very marked degree to the growth and success of our institutions of learning and science and philanthropy, and

the influence of whose noble and active life is deeply enstamped upon the heart and life of the city itself.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family, and will attend the funeral services in a body.

Union College of Law.

At a called meeting, June 14, 1883, the Union College of Law took the following action:

Soon after our last annual meeting, our esteemed president was suddenly taken from us by one of those frightful railroad disasters, which too frequently desolate our homes; and now, not simply on account of his office in this board, but pre-eminently on account of his great worth, as a man, and the value of his services for many years to this college of law, we feel impelled to record our high estimate of him, that those who, in future years, shall read these records, may know how true and how great a man shaped the policy of this school during the first years of its history.

Connected, as he was, almost from its beginning, with the University of Chicago, as one of its trustees, he was the first to insist that a department of law should be created, and when his purpose was realized he laid the foundation of its endowment by a contribution of five thousand dollars; and when, with characteristic enterprise, the Northwestern University determined to create a law department, such was the catholicity of Mr. Hoyne, that

he at once proposed that the University of Chicago and the Northwestern University should unite in sustaining the same school of law, and thus avoid the unnecessary multiplication of law schools in our city. From this wise and liberal suggestion there sprung our Union College of Law, of whose joint board of management Mr. Hoyne was for so many years president.

As to his characteristics, as a man, we wish to make record of what seems to us to be the universal verdict; he was strictly honest and frank, often to his own personal detriment—one of those sincere souls through which the sunlight streams, so that nothing is hidden. He held his opinions firmly without a trace of bigotry, and he was liberal without extravagance. He was thoroughly devoted to the public good, and nothing seemed to stir the depths of his righteous indignation so much as any selfish measure or scheme that might militate against the welfare of his adopted city. Take him all and in all, he was a rare man, and it will be no easy task to fill his place. In view of his great personal worth and of his invaluable service to this college of law, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the providence of God, we deplore the immeasurable loss to this college of law of its founder and most enthusiastic and devoted benefactor.

Resolved, That we will endeavor by our liberality of sentiment, and by our devotion and zeal to imitate our departed brother, and to supply, so far as we are able, by renewed effort on our part, the service of which we have been deprived by his lamented death.

Resolved, That a copy of this statement and of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, with whom we profoundly sympathize in their great sorrow, and to both of our universities.

Faculty of the College of Law.

The faculty of the College of Law unanimously adopted the following minute prepared by Judge Booth, Dean of the faculty:

The faculty of the Union College of Law desire to join in the universal expression of grief that has found utterance upon the sudden death of our much esteemed fellow-citizen, Thomas Hoyne, to bear testimony to the rare excellence of his character, and to convey to the relatives of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this great calamity.

In the death of Mr. Hoyne, the people of our city have lost one of their most active and public-spirited citizens, a leader in every worthy enterprise, a man of unswerving integrity, of whom it can be said with peculiar emphasis, that :

“Even his failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

As the founder of this College of Law, and at all times the constant friend and supporter, who gave his money freely for its endowment, and has always been ready to contribute his time and wise counsel in its behalf, we feel that a debt of gratitude is due to him as to none other, and we shall bear his noble generosity and zeal in the promotion of legal education in loving, grateful and lasting remembrance.

University of Chicago.

At a special meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Chicago, held at the Grand Pacific hotel, at three o'clock P. M., Monday, July 30, 1883, the Hon. James R. Doolittle in the chair, and the Rev. Justin A. Smith, secretary, the president of the university stated that he had called the meeting to take appropriate action in relation to the death of Mr. Thomas Hoyne, one of the trustees, and had requested Mr. J. Young Scammon, an old and special friend of Mr. Hoyne, to prepare a paper to be submitted to the meeting.

Mr. Scammon then presented the following memorial and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

In Memoriam.

1. The sudden removal from this life of the Honorable Thomās Hoyne, LL. D., by one of those frightful railroad calamities, which alike shock our sensibilities and demand greater vigilance on the part of those engaged in the transportation or carriage of human beings, which occurred on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh railroad, at Carlyon, New York, on the night of the 27th of July, A. D. 1883, demands from the trustees of the University of Chicago more than a passing tribute.

2. Mr. Hoyne has occupied so large a space in the public history of our city and state, in official positions of great prominence and responsibility, that it may be becoming to us, the representatives of a purely educational institution, to confine this memorial to him as a member of this board and as a patron of the university. Nevertheless, we may be permitted to put

among the archives of our seat of learning, the historical fact that besides his prominence as a citizen and lawyer, he has been clothed with both judicial and magisterial power by our state, and has represented the national government both as its official counselor and attorney and its judicial executive officer, while we especially commemorate his relations and services to our institution and the cause of liberal education in this great central portion of our national domain.

Mr. Hoyne was, at the time of his lamented death, a trustee of this institution, and a life director of the Chicago Astronomical Society, an institution intimately connected with the university, and one of its aids in scientific instruction. He had been connected with the first for many years, and was at one time president of this board. He made the first endowment to the college of law connected with this institution, and was one of the original founders and officers of the astronomical society. He has been the professional right arm of this board as its reliable counselor and the most faithful and reliable friend of the institution, and sustainer of those called to administer its affairs.

Should we be called to express sententiously our estimate of the man, we should say: In the christian religion he had faith and undoubted trust, mingled with the broadest charity and universal toleration and respect for differences of views.

As a politician he was bold, courageous, ever sympathizing with freedom and the down trodden or oppressed, without agrarian violence or disregard of established rights, though always enthusiastic for the just and right.

As a citizen, honestly faithful, conscientious and incorruptible.

As a man he possessed that fidelity to friendships which could not be shaken, and that noble courage which is the highest of virtues without tincture of that cowardly weakness which is always nearly allied to the meanest of vices.

As a man he has filled the measure of his earthly life with usefulness and honor.

We treasure his memory and sympathize with his noble widow and family in their great affliction, while we mourn our separa-

tion even from an associate of whom we can truthfully say, well done, good and faithful servant.

Resolved, That the foregoing memorial be entered upon the records of this board and a copy thereof be sent to the widow and family of our lamented associate.

Resolved, That members of this board and other officers of this institution be requested to be present at the funeral of our late associate.

Astronomical Society.

The following was adopted at a meeting of the Chicago Astronomical Society, held July 30, 1883, at the Dearborn Observatory:

“Thomas Hoyne, LL. D., was one of the founders of the society, its first secretary, and a life director thereof. In the organization and early history of our association his zeal and enthusiasm were manifest on all proper occasions. He visited Cambridge, Massachusetts, and secured the purchase of our great Equatorial, and was indefatigable in promoting the establishment of the observatory. In so doing he illustrated a great trait of his character—a love of aiding the establishment of institutions to promote science and learning, and for the public weal.

“In his sudden removal from our midst, by a deplorable accident, we are compelled to mourn the death of a public spirited citizen, of acknowledged and renowned worth.”

Hahnemann Medical College

Adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, A peculiarly painful calamity has taken from us the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, who for twenty-eight years has been an active and efficient member of the board of trustees of Hahnemann medical college and hospital ; and

WHEREAS, Its success and growth are largely due to his labors and influence ;

THEREFORE, The faculty of this college desires to place upon record its tribute of respect to his memory and its appreciation of his constant fidelity to this as one of the oldest charitable and educational institutions of this city, and also to tender its sympathy to the bereaved family, and especially to our colleague, Prof. Temple S. Hoyne.

Calumet Club.

The old settlers' committee of the Calumet club, at a meeting held July 30, 1883, adopted the following resolutions:

The old settlers' committee of the Calumet club are reminded of the uncertainty of life by the sudden death of one of its most honored members, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne, who was so suddenly killed by a railway collision on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh railway on the night of July 27, 1883. All who knew him mourn deeply his loss, but none mourn it more deeply

and sincerely than those who have known him longest and best—the old settlers of Chicago. On behalf of the old settlers of Chicago, we, the sorrowing members of the old settlers' committee of the Calumet club, unanimously

Resolve, 1. That in the early struggles of our cherished city none rendered it more ready assistance with a brighter intellect than our deeply lamented companion and friend, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne.

2. From 1837 to the present time he has always been first and foremost in measures tending to promote the city's well being, either material, educational or religious, ever ready to respond to the public call when danger threatened.

3. As a citizen, neighbor and friend, all who knew him respected and honored him, and nearly all loved him. He was able, genial, generous and kind. All will miss him. All will mourn deeply his sudden death.

4. That this committee attend his funeral in a body in behalf of the old settlers of Chicago.

5. That this committee extend their heartfelt and deepest sympathy to the bereaved widow and family of the departed, and that these resolutions be sent to them and a copy be furnished to the secretary of the Calumet club to be spread upon the records of the club.

Professor Swing.

[IN THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.]

Eight days upon the Servia with Thomas Hoyne as a room-mate were, as it now proves, a group of good-by days for him and me. He was soon to cross over quite another flood and leave behind a rich memory of acts and

words of kindness. Rooming together for a week upon the ocean might make men further away in heart from each other, for such nearness might disclose imperfections of character which would have remained concealed in the common intercourse of the street or of social life; but when minds are congenial and need only the time and the opportunity for growing friendship's harvest, then to room together upon a grand steamship is to kindle a spark into a flame, and to turn acquaintances into brothers. Thinking over such days my heart is full of the feeling that the railway calamity of Friday night removed from life a great, good, glorious soul when it crushed to death Thomas Hoyne. He was a true child of this world. His affections were most powerful as toward his family, and wife and daughters were as accustomed to kind words as to daily sunlight or daily air. There were no moods, no whims, no paternal greatness or dignity, no assumption of a domestic scepter and crown; the flow of kindness and solicitude was deep and uniform. The sentiment of many public men is weakest at home, and leaving that garden to the weeds it begins to show life when outside the four walls of the private castle. Other public men reveal nowhere any great amount of sentiment, but this poor victim of last week loved this world and all its contents, and making home a starting point he gave his love to man and fields and hills and sky and ocean. In common daily life he seemed only a citizen of a large metropolis or he seemed only a lawyer or only a true, broad democrat, but besides being all of these, he was a human being, and like the ideal of Terrence, "Nothing that was human was foreign to him."

The isolation of a ship is wonderful. The world seems to have gone from you or you from it. The ocean as-

sumes the proportions of immensity. You do not wonder that the companions of Columbus grew impatient and asked permission to turn around and go back. The days seem twice their usual length. Instead of being in a hurry when you meet a friend on deck or in the great dining-room, you each seem to have an eternity on hand of which you would love to make some fair, honorable use. The temptation is therefore not to sum up the history of the world in a sentence, nor to plead that you cannot stop just then to talk or to listen, that you have an engagement up town or down town at two or four or six o'clock. For once in life one has time for all forms of talk upon all forms of subjects, and thus talk becomes a luxury. To be imprisoned nine days with intelligent and lovable people, to have the sea on hand all the while by day and by night, to be a mystery and a music of the spirit's temple, is a situation that calls up the long hidden thoughts of many who thus slowly sail from shore to shore. This warm-hearted Hoyne was equal to such times of isolation. His sixty years had been well spent. Labor, poverty, study, exercise, success, wisdom, had all combined in the magical shop of life and had formed a man. The vivacity and feeling of boyhood were never absent for an hour. The heart paid no heed to the gray hairs. He would walk the length of the ship to tell his roommate that some porpoises were playing or some steamer was on the horizon; and the room-mate saw nothing new or strange or common without feeling that Tom Hoyne must be informed and duly summoned to the deck. When about eight days out we took to our beds quite certain that we should see the coast of Ireland at daybreak. At about three A. M. I could see from the window far off dark outlines which seemed nothing else than the shores of the

older world. I called the good sleeper and asked him if we were not nearing Ireland at last? He soon settled the question and pointed out a coast-light and the twin peaks called "The Cōw and Calf." Our journey was almost over. The sea had been crossed.

Death invites to a discussion of religion—that perplexing philosophy of the beyond. Upon the deck of the steamer late at night we watched for a long time a lunar rainbow. It was an arch on the horizon, upon a cloud, the moon being behind us. It was a white bow, dim, but manifest and beautiful. We watched it long, for we had nothing better to do than watch and watch and wait. We counted as lost all the hours in bed. From lunar rainbows we passed to the general topic of the sky, and then to what might be beyond the mortal ken. Mr. Hoyne had passed from Romanism and even from Protestantism to that faith which is greater than either or both. The blessed religious sentiment flashed up more distinctly than the lunar rainbow and more richly colored; but the sentiment was not to be all expressed in words. It was above words, like the heavens we had studied—deeper than eloquence, like the sea under us. The talk of the hour left me all full in heart of the conviction that the souls of such men as my room-mate are all journeying toward an empire greater than England, and shall land one by one upon a sublime shore. Loving this world, indeed they seem conscious of being borne toward another which also they will love when they shall have passed within its gates.

"The only avenue of bliss we have
Is by the calmer by-ways of our lives,
In service of our duties traveled well
With steady foot of kindly household faith.
The eagle could not poise his wings on air
Without an eye on earth to steady them."

A rapidly flying train with engines toiling hard to transfer a group of mortals from the grandeur of Niagara to the beauty of the St. Lawrence is reaching out and onward, mile after mile, as a great projectile hurled at some mark two hundred miles away. A crash! a heap of timbers and men and iron and women, and then screams and groans. Thomas Hoyne is among the dead. He is lamented outside of the stricken home. A heart that loved all good has looked upon its home and loved ones and friends for the last time. He has crossed the more mysterious sea.

Letters.

AUGUST 7, 1883.

My dear Mrs. Hoyne:

Leaving Chicago so suddenly I did not see you again.

How terrible a blow to you was the loss of such a man I can well appreciate.

As for myself I simply felt wretched.

I could not return to the springs, and am, as you see, home.

None knew him better than I. None knew better how great and noble he was.

During an intimacy of nearly fifty years, I never knew him to be guilty of a mean action or to harbor an ungenerous thought.

Of a wonderfully open and candid nature himself, he never looked for dissimulation in others.

For an action founded on honest but mistaken motives he was full of charity, but to one springing from motives of dishonesty or self-interest he was an uncompromising foe.

His own honorable nature detested the shifts and tricks by which men strive to attain position at the cost of their honor and integrity.

I never saw a man so intensely imbued with a love for his adopted city. Growing up in her midst, seeing her rise from an obscure village to the Queen City of the West he felt an almost paternal interest in her welfare.

He had indeed the true ideas of a citizen—his duties did not end with simply casting his ballot; he watched with jealous eye to see that those principles of honor and probity which influenced his own career, were active agents in the administration of public trusts. It was no merely selfish motives, no mere desire for notoriety that urged him on, but an innate love of honesty and right, a jealous care for the welfare of the city of his adoption.

Of his kindness as a husband and a father it is scarcely necessary to speak; you know it so much better than I.

You were the subject of frequent conversations between us.

Of his love for you, and his tender solicitude for your welfare, I can well bear testimony. Be sure he did not underrate your love and affectionate regard.

He placed the utmost confidence in your judgment and care of the family.

Indeed, I may say, he realized the fact that no small part of his own success as a man was attributable to the fact that he possessed that greatest of all earthly boons—a good wife and mother to his children.

I know that in the weight of so terrible a calamity

words seem almost idle, but if honesty and integrity meet a reward—if the just men in this life are rewarded in the next—I know of none more deserving than Thomas Hoyne.

His life was but the shadow of the soul that lay beneath, and a purer, better man, take him for all in all, I never knew.

Appreciating your irreparable loss, and extending my heartfelt sympathies in your deep affliction,

Believe me your friend,

MOSES B. MACLAY.

Mrs. Hoyne.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, July 29, 1883.

MY DEAR MADAM: How can I find words to express the horror, the grief, the distressful sympathy, which the dreadful news I receive from the morning paper has filled all our hearts with! Heaven help you now, with all the power of Divine Love! It is impossible to realize the lamentable and harrowing truth that our venerable and splendid friend, in whom we had such pride and pleasure, has suffered so agonizing and sorrowful an end. No event, since my own father's death, has so moved me to sorrow. And how heavy and insupportable the afflicting calamity falls upon you, and upon your happy and delightful family circle, I can hardly bear to think of. How and where, *on earth*, can you find consolation? There is but one great spring, and for his loss more than for most men it is a fountain of gratifying thought; he has lived a life of such good works that they remain a monument of remembrance and praise. In the hearts of thousands who admired, respected, nay, venerated him, many of whom

like myself loved him, the swelling testimony of his worth and excellence bursts to-day. His state and his city mourn him as the fearless and honest man whose wisdom was always at their true service. But for you, turn to the supporting hearts of your splendid sons, your loving daughters. They will help you now as no other human power could. Never was man happier in such possessions than he, never mother could rejoice with more confidence and pride than you, in these highest rewards of life. Alas! that ever such ties must be loosed, that such bands must be broken. Yet, but a few years more, and in the certain course of Nature the feebleness of age must have subdued that magnificent form and withered the power of his majestic manhood. It has fallen to him to go before his natural day, yet only after a long life, a long, splendid and glorious career of the highest type and form. Happy that he was spared so long, to do so much. And, I trust that we shall hear—what I dread lest we may not—that his death was not in protracted suffering, but with little trial.

But I may not too much intrude upon you. Mrs. Vilas wishes her tenderest sympathy expressed for you and for your daughters. We can hardly endure to think of our sweet Gertie, whom he allowed us to claim in part ownership. Nellie shares her grief, as we all do, and laments that she cannot help her bear the sorrow. It is a source of mournful pride and gratification to us, I feel it deeply, that we were honored by his short visit here; tho' it greatly adds to our sense of loss. I never saw him appear to better advantage, nor felt a warmer pleasure in his friendship, always so kind and cheering. I hoped to have many times again had him for my honored guest. Alas!

We trust and pray you may be sustained in your heavy sorrow, by the Hand which with strength unseen, but only surely can bring relief. Our deepest feeling is with you and your family. Would that it were possible to help! For Mrs. Vilas and myself accept our affectionate sympathy for you and yours, and permit us to share the sorrowful burden of this dispensation in some feeble degree.

Very respectfully and truly, your friend,

WM. F. VILAS.

Mrs. Thomas Hoyne.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., July 31, 1883.

Mrs. Thos. Hoyne, No. 267 Michigan Ave.:

I am inexpressly grieved in hearing at this moment of the shocking death of your beloved husband. Mr. Hoyne and myself had been warm friends for more than forty years, and his death comes to me as a great personal loss. His captivating personal qualities, his generous disposition, the nobility of his character, bound his friends to him as if by hooks of steel, while his vehement honesty, his public spirit and his devotion to the general good will forever honor his name and memory.

E. B. WASHBURN.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., August 7, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. HOYNE: Ever since the sad news of the terrible accident to your beloved husband reached me, I have been trying to calm my lacerated feelings sufficiently to write you in such a succinct manner as not to

be tedious to you. But it is hard to condense the emotions that naturally arise as I review over forty-five years of intimate friendship and mutual confidence. There is now no one left with whom I could talk so understandingly and sympathetically as I always could with him. My most reliable landmark has gone. Whilst I most heartily sympathize with you and your family, in your affliction, I know that you have the sympathy not only of myself, but of all who knew the good and honored husband and father, of whose services you have been so suddenly bereft. A more unselfish and honest man never walked the streets of Chicago.

I will stop here, although I would like to dwell more particularly upon his many traits of long-time endearment to me. I know no human power can assuage grief like yours; yet consolation can be found in the fact that, whilst death is the common lot of all, God alone can decide the question of precedence. It is not for mortals to say why or when one shall be taken whilst others are permitted to tarry a while longer on the inevitable road to eternity.

Yours in sympathy,

JOHN WENTWORTH.

Mrs. Leonora Temple Hoyne.

CHICAGO, August 7, 1883.

Mrs. Thomas Hoyne.

DEAR MADAM: My relations to your husband for many years have been so intimate, and my high esteem for him was so thoroughly fixed and understood, that I hardly need assure yourself and family that you have the most earnest sympathy of myself and family in your sudden and irreparable bereavement.

A friend of yours told me the day of the funeral that this is the first time death has entered your family. If so you have been most exceptionally fortunate. Our home has not been so favored, but our experiences have at least taught us to "mourn with those who mourn," and we can more fully appreciate the great sorrow which is upon your household.

Yours most sincerely,

H. W. BLODGETT.

CHICAGO, July 30, 1883.

Mrs. Thomas Hoyne, 267 Michigan Ave., City.

MY DEAR MADAM: Words are inadequate, when we come to speak of such grief as I know now weighs down you and your dear family. I can only tell you that you have the sincerest sympathy of all in my house.

There has left us a true and devoted husband and father and friend. The city, state and country has no more true and valued citizen to lose. He was a brave, manly man, that had the courage to speak the truth at all times, and in all places. I feel that I have lost a personal friend, whose words of cheer and kindness oftentimes encouraged me when in the path of duty. He was a true and noble lawyer, who advised and counseled and defended only the right. Take him all in all, we may never see his like again. He was true, kind, affectionate, brave, manly, noble. He was impulsive, but his very impulses were for truth and right. No man will we miss more in the walks of life in our city, that owes so much to him. May our Heavenly Father bless and sanctify to you and yours this severest of bereavements.

I am truly, etc.,

SAMUEL M. MOORE.

347 DEARBORN AVE., Thursday, Aug. 2, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. HOYNE: While I am aware there are no words which friends may utter that can in the least mitigate the overwhelming grief endured by you at this time, yet I cannot resist the impulse of writing to you to say how profoundly Mrs. Tree and myself sympathize with you and your children in your great bereavement. It having been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Hoyne almost immediately after my arrival in this city, my knowledge of him runs over a period of nearly thirty years, and I can say with all sincerity, that the longer I knew him the more I learned to admire him and appreciate the sterling traits of his character. It seems to me that he was the embodiment of all those qualities which constitute the good citizen. He was honest, able, public spirited and fearless in his dealings with men and the affairs of life, while his hearty hospitality and the sweetness of his domestic life as a husband and father, as it appeared to his friends, made him an example for other men to follow.

The grief of the whole community at his loss, is perhaps the best evidence of the *success* which his life had been as a citizen. If at liberty to speak of my own sorrow to one whose sorrow is tenfold what all others can possibly feel, I may say with all my heart that I mourn, not only that this community has been deprived of one of its most valuable citizens, but also because I have lost a friend in whom it was always safe to confide, and whose counsel was sure to be prompted by honest motives and characterized by solid wisdom.

Permit me to express the hope, my dear Mrs. Hoyne, that as time advances it may mellow the shock of the dreadful calamity by which your dear husband lost his

life, and that in the sweet memories of the past life, of which there is no earthly power that can deprive you, as well as in the development in your children of those qualities of their father which made him distinguished, respected and beloved among his fellow-men, you will derive consolation and peace of heart.

With assurances again of the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Tree and myself with you and yours, believe me with great respect,

Faithfully your friend,

LAMBERT TREE.

Mrs. Thomas Hoyne, Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTS' SUMMER RESORT,

NEENAH, WIS., July 31, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. HOYNE: The sad intelligence of the sudden taking off of your dear husband comes more nearly to myself and mine than all the world beside save your own grief stricken family. It is only a short time since, when driving through Lincoln Park, we suddenly came upon him in his accustomed walk, and stopping the horses, he gave me such a warm, heartfelt shake of the hand, and congratulated me upon my recovery in such cheering heartfelt words and tone, that I can never forget the incident. He was a man of true, firm, honest convictions, and always had the courage to maintain them, fearless of results. His kindness to me under the most trying circumstances of my life will never be forgotten by myself or mine. His friendship when extended was warm, genuine, from the heart. Hypocrisy was to him a stranger. Always more nearly correct than most of

his fellows in his convictions of the right, he never hesitated to maintain them under any and all circumstances. He was a true man in every sense of the word—to his family, to the city of Chicago, to the State of Illinois, to the Nation. His loss will be felt and mourned by all.

Please remember me kindly to the family, and with assurances of my highest respect,

I remain yours truly,

P. H. SMITH.

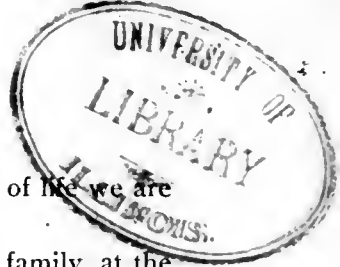
SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., July 30, 1883.

Major Frank G. Hoyne, Chicago.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I cannot express to you the grief which each member of my family feels, and that I feel, on account of the death of your father. No shock has come upon me with greater force than the one produced by the telegraphic announcement that he had been killed in a railroad disaster in the east. I felt that it might be a mistake, and, as I could not hear anything definite, telegraphed our friend Mr. McKindley, hoping that I might hear that the first report was not true; it was, however, confirmed by a telegram from him in a little time.

In the death of your father I have lost a highly esteemed and beloved friend. His death makes a vacant place in Chicago which no one left can so well fill. He was public spirited, always at the front in favor of important enterprises, improvements and reforms. He was generous as a citizen, kind and affectionate as a father, and the personification of honor.

The manner of his death seemed sad indeed, and is



an oft repeated evidence that "in the midst of life we are
"in death."

I fully intended to be present, with my family, at the funeral ceremonies, as a slight evidence of our sympathy and affection, but could not learn of the day in time.

Please to convey to your good mother and sister our deep sympathy in your terrible affliction, and believe me, very truly yours,

S. M. CULLOM.

The death of Mr. Hoyne having occurred when many of his friends were absent from the city for the summer, a special memorial service was held at the Immanuel Baptist Church, in September following. A very large assemblage filled the spacious audience room. The Rev. Dr. Lorimer, pastor of the church, conducted the introductory services, after which a memorial discourse was given by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, followed by a brief address by Dr. Lorimer. The sermon and address are given below:

Sermon.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

Those who have been absent from the city during the summer, upon their vacation; return to miss one who for many years,—many more indeed than any, or any but very few of us who are present, have lived here,—has been a

familiar figure to the people of Chicago, whose face was probably known to more of our six hundred thousand people than any other, and was looked into by the people of this city with a feeling different from that with which any other face among us was regarded. It would be difficult to describe or characterize that feeling. It was a feeling, first of all, perhaps, that he was one of us—on the part of the older people that he was an elder brother, on the part of the young as if he were a father, on the part of all that he was a friend—a true, genial, loving, sympathizing friend. He knew and was known by almost everybody here. No matter whether it was strictly a personal acquaintance or not, he knew the people of Chicago, as such. They belonged to a family, for all of whom he felt an interest and an affection. Friendly recognition of all whom he met in the long daily walks in which he was wont for years to thread every street and suburb of the city, was his habit, the cordial “good morning,” the hearty “how do you do!” accompanied by the kindly smile and the direct and sincere look into the face, which made every one feel that he was not merely passing the compliments of the day, but rather expressing the greetings of real friendship. I say those whom the summer has taken away from the city, have returned to miss a long familiar figure. These few months have blotted out a phase of our life here, that had been prominent through almost its whole extent, so prominent that it seemed almost inseparable from it. The few graphic words of Prof. Swing sum up the sad realities of the story: “Eight days upon the Servia, with Thomas Hoyne as a room-mate,” he says, referring to a European journey of last year, “were as it now proves a group of good-by days for him and me;

he was soon to cross over quite another flood and leave behind a rich memory of acts and words of kindness. A rapidly flying train, with engines toiling hard to transfer a group of mortals from the grandeur of Niagara to the beauties of the St. Lawrence, is reaching out and onward mile after mile as a great projectile hurled at some mark two hundred miles away. A crash! a heap of broken timbers and iron and men and women, and then screams and groans. Thomas Hoyne is among the dead. He is lamented outside his stricken home. A heart that loved all good has looked upon its home and loved ones and friends for the last time. He has crossed the more mysterious sea!" And so we who staid behind during the summer, while so many of you have been away, gathered up the dust of our common friend and sadly laid it in its resting place in Rose Hill, and come to join you this morning as all our hearts move us in some words of remembrance and love. It is fitting that after the lapse of these few weeks since his death, he should be thus recalled to our memories. It is a fault incidental to the intense and changing life that we lead here, that those who laid our foundations and who have long been a part of our social and political being are too soon forgotten. In his beautiful tribute to Judge Manierre, Mr. Hoyne himself has noted this trait of our character. "It happens," he says, "in all cities of so great size as our own, a city so rapid in growth and of so recent rise into the rank of great cities, that the deeds and even the names of the leaders of the past are soon forgotten or overlooked. It is especially true of this city, whose whole existence is nearly comprised within the limits of the present generation. Instability in social and family life seems to be characteristic of our rapid rise and incessant activity. The leaders of opinion of a quarter of

a century ago are to three-fourths of the present people of the city, the same as if they had never lived here. The recollection of such early settlers as became men eminent in virtue and enterprise, men who on the frontier line between savage and civilized life first carried to the wilderness the culture and institutions of civilization, fades into a dim past no more distinctive of individual character than the traditions that center about the Mayflower or the Half Moon. Individual names indeed are generalized into the chronological order of events, but the identity of individual character is lost in the rapid transition of the ever shifting scenes of western life."

Let us hope that these words, in which Mr. Hoyne fifteen years after the death of Judge Manierre, sought to call back the remembrance of his life long friend, are not a presage that the bonds by which he has been bound so closely to this community will be speedily broken.

There is a special fitness also that the memory of Mr. Hoyne should be cherished by our church and denomination. It is true that he was never formally of us, that in many things, he was remote from our faith and ecclesiastical usages. But it is also true that he had much, very much in common with us. Domestic ties, always cherished and sacred in his heart, linked him to the history and destiny of our church. An incident of the early days of our church in this city naturally connects itself here, and at this semi-centennial anniversary of our origin may be interesting to remember. In July, 1832, Dr. John T. Temple arrived here from Washington with his wife and four children. Understanding that there was no church or settled minister here, he had solicited and received the promise from the American Baptist Home Missionary Society that a Baptist minister should be sent here. Accord-

ingly on August, 18, 1833, the Rev. Allen B. Freeman, whose saintly impress on this community the fifty intervening years have not effaced, arrived here. Dr. Temple had already begun the building of a house of worship, containing also rooms for a school on the corner of Franklin and South Water streets, and here the young preacher began his ministry, and on the 19th of October following, organized the First Baptist Church. One of the first, probably the first baptism was the wife of Dr. Temple. I find a memorandum of the incident preserved by Mr. Hoyne among his papers. A numerous company of citizens of the village gathered upon the banks of the river, then running nearly half a mile south in front of what is now Michigan avenue. Mrs. Temple rode down to the water in a stage coach brought here by Dr. Temple in the course of his business. Mr. Freeman read from the scriptures the history of the baptism of the Ethiopian, who descended from his chariot at the word of Philip to receive baptism on profession of his faith in the Messiah of God, and in like manner, baptized Mrs. Temple on profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. With that Christian family, Mr. Hoyne, a few years later, became identified by marriage with the eldest daughter and thus, as we have said, while himself never a member of the Baptist church, he was bound to it by a strong and sacred bond, and came to seek its advancement and to give time and money to it and its institutions as if it were his own. Other circumstances also had influence to the same end. In his boyhood, left an orphan in New York, he had been received as a boarder into the family of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclay, then one of the most eminent ministers of our denomination, and whose name will always live as that of one of our greatest and noblest men.

The relations thus formed ripened into a cherished friendship and veneration, and the influence of this eminent man of God upon the boy bore fruit in the man to his latest day.

With such relations to our church, he always took an active interest in whatever pertained to its progress, and was always generous in his appreciation of whatever he believed to be good in its teachings and practice. He admired the spirit of liberty that has distinguished it, the great and successful battle which it has fought in favor of liberty of conscience and against the tyranny of a state church, as well as its independence of state aid in the building up of its institutions. He formed friendships with and was earnest in his appreciation of many of our leading men, ministers as well as laymen, and I believe I commit no impropriety in saying that for the pastor of this church he had come to entertain a strong regard, and for the church itself a deep interest as well as confidence in its future.

So much I have thought it not improper to say with reference to the special circumstances which bring us this morning, as a people and a part of the people of this city, to pay our tribute to the memory of Thomas Hoyne.

I have read as a guide to thoughts to which the occasion leads us, a passage of the word of God, a fragment of the Sermon on the Mountain, and with no attempt at a formal exposition of the inspired words, or indeed of a sermon upon them, I think these fundamental truths are here plainly contained.

Principles of action in themselves bad can not, in the nature of things, produce a life or character, the tendencies and fruits of which are good; and conversely, a life or character, the tendencies of which are good, can not issue from principles of action which in themselves

are bad. Therefore, the standard of moral estimate, the test by which moral condition and character are to be tried and judged, by which every one is to test and judge himself, and, we may add, by which the Supreme judge will try and judge every man, is the life, the deeds, the fruits, the tendencies, which have issued from that condition and character. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Was the noxious plant, noxious in its nature and constitution, was the worthless and pestilent weed, ever known to produce sweet and healthful fruit? Nourish and cherish it by choicest and most assiduous culture, plant it in mellow and generous soil, let rains and dews and sunshine, year after year expend their wealth of fructifying power upon it, it is all the same. Stock and leaf, it is true, may start to fuller growth, the flower may assume brighter tints, and even a semblance of fruit may tempt the unwary to believe that grapes have at length grown upon the thorn, and figs upon the thistle, but when hungry for that which is good and healthful and life giving, they have stretched out the hand to pluck and eat, they have found that the bough which they grasped was thorny and lacerating, and the fruit was but apples of Sodom, of which they could not taste.

Applying now the figurative illustration of the text. Principles of human life and character in their own nature bad, do never, *can* never produce lives and characters that are sound and healthful and beneficent. Lives and characters rooted in selfishness and sensuality, in greed of wealth and power and fame, have often stood out before the world surrounded by the seductive halo of genius, of splendid endowments and rich and varied culture, and men have been dazzled and charmed by their brilliancy and grasped at the products of their genius expecting to find

food for the hungry soul, and support and strength to life and heart and hope, but the final result has been disappointing and bitter. The weary and hungry soul has found no final rest under the shadow, no satisfying fruit on the branches of the fair, but deceitful tree.

Again seeking to apply the figure of the text, lives and characters, the aggregate tendencies of which are seen to be good, which in the language of Matthew Arnold "make for righteousness," make for truth and purity and love, for peace on earth and good will to men, for reverence of God and God's law, such lives and characters do not, in the nature of things *cannot* proceed from a principle, from a root or basis, in its own essential nature bad, false, corrupt. It will be seen that the text justifies the double assertion that a good life neither does nor *can* proceed from a bad heart or moving principle. Every good tree *bringeth* forth good fruit; a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. This is a fundamental law, which in the nature of things, admits of no exception. It will be remembered how exactly the statement of the law by our Saviour harmonizes with the later expression of St. Paul, or rather how exactly the latter catches up and echoes the teaching of his Divine Master. "For," he says, "the natural man"—Paul's expression for a bad man—"the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." And again he tells us "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—grand epitome of a good and noble life—these are the fruit of the Spirit.

John puts the same truth in a different and vivid light: "He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as God is

righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," *i. e.*, does not with the consent of his own free will, his own unfettered volition, the real man, commit sin. And John gives the reason, "for," he adds, "his seed"—the seed of God—"remaineth in him, neither can he sin, because he is born of God."

Some years ago I had planted a flower-garden, and for some seasons had delighted in its wealth of bloom, and beauty. But changes came, and grass and weeds and brambles were allowed to overrun the beds, and choke and smother the flowers, so that for years none had been seen. Coming back after, it must have been, ten years, I again opened the soil to the spring sunshine and rains, thinking, after a little, again to plant the seeds of favorite flowers; when, lo! in coming back after unexpected delay to my task, I found that my favorites of years ago had anticipated my coming. The verdure of the plants that I used to love, just as I had seen them years before, already covered the ground, and the early kinds were already putting forth flowers. The seed had remained buried and overgrown and hidden, but vital and potent, and its nature unchanged by time, or darkness, or overlying weeds. So the seed of God once planted in the soul remains there. Rank growths of temptation, of human passions and earthly affections may overspread it, but its essential nature is unchanged, and it will in due time bring forth fruit in its kind, and when that fruit is seen, we know that it is not the fruit of any other seed, but of the seed of God, because it is God-like.

Let not the language of John be pressed too far, as if he would accept nothing less than absolute perfection, as a claim to sonship with God. The stream, in its course

from its mountain source, makes many windings, may seem at times lost in inextricable mazes, but he who surveys its whole sweep, will see that its trend is still and always oceanward.

Again, we said it follows from our text that the only right standard of judgment of man and of all the works of men—their institutions, their laws, their literature—is their fruits. Do real grapes, and not bitter and poisonous semblance of grapes, grow on the tree, let that tree, unpromising and gnarled and scraggy though it looks, be pronounced good. Let it stand and grow. Its fruit is its title to the right to live. On the other hand is the tree fair and flourishing, but the fruit bitter and noxious, let no fairness of form, or luxuriance of foliage, or beauty of blossom spare it; let it be hewn down and cast into the fire.

Let men be tried and judged by this standard. Let no mere professions count for anything. Opinions, beliefs, which pass for orthodox, count only zero in this scale. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, in that day"—that day when the scale shall be held up in the unwavering hand of the Supreme Judge—"but then will I say, depart from me; I never knew you. Depart from me, ye that *work* iniquity."

Let churches be tried by this standard. They may be great and rich and powerful, their ecclesiastical organization may be skillfully devised, may enfold all the elements for rapid and wide extension, but what have they done, what are they doing for man and for God? Their *creeds* may embody skillfully drawn and profound formularies of substantial and fundamental truth. As such they may be helpful to the intellect, but in themselves they touch not the soul. They may live in the intellect forever and never

reach the springs of action and character, and so may never bear one fruit to bless men or glorify God. Let churches, then, be tried by this standard, not by the orthodoxy of their doctrinal formularies, but by what they are actually doing to honor God, while they do good to those whom God would uplift and save. If the tree bear such fruit, it is good; otherwise, whatever its name or its pretensions, let it be hewn down and cast into the fire. It is good only to be burned, that in its burning it may afford a lurid illustration of the hollowness and emptiness of mere profession, especially when clad in the sheep's clothing of the Christian name.

Let laws and constitutions be tried by this standard. They may be the product of the noblest intellects, they may embody the loftiest maxims of political wisdom, they may be beld in idolatrous admiration and reverence, but if even at only one point they make against humanity, that whole humanity which God loves, and to save which the Son of God died, there is corruption in the tree, it brings forth evil fruit. Under that government that never in the final event loses sight of the ends of justice, that tree, sooner or later, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.

It will be anticipated that we have thus glanced at these elementary truths, because we hold them to be applicable to a just estimate of the character of him whose memory we recall in these services. It will be anticipated that we mean that, judged by the fruits and tendencies of his life, the governing principles and motives that moulded and swayed the character of our lamented friend, were good and beneficent and noble, that the life which resulted was a blessing to those whom it reached, that the ends which he sought, based on the imperishable foundations

of truth and justice and love, will endure and will follow him, and be to him a crown of joy in the higher life upon which he has entered. I believe such to be the universal verdict of those among whom he has spent his life. I believe that even an enemy, if he had such, would concede that the ends for which Mr. Hoyne labored were intended, by him to be, and in their aggregate were, for the benefit of his fellow-men, and that the course of life which he marked out for himself tended steadily and strongly not towards what was groveling and sensual and selfish, but towards whatsoever was pure and lovely and of good report.

Were we to attempt to trace the evidence of this in an extended review of his life we should need to begin back to his boyhood, where we find the orphan apprentice of fifteen years toiling at his bench by day, and at night on the benches of the night school, or joined in association with others like himself for mutual aid in the search for knowledge and improvement. The bent towards the noble, rich manhood that was to come was already in the boy. We should need to follow him, as at twenty-one years of age he seeks in the young city of Chicago a field wherein to work out the destiny which was then an ideal, but which he lived to make a reality. His own vivid picture of the feelings with which, two years before, his friend Manierre had taken the same step, was evidently drawn largely from his own experience, and doubtless portrays the thoughts and impulses of his own mind in that eventful crisis. "Thus," he writes, "we have Judge Manierre at the early age of eighteen entering on his life career in Chicago. From New York to Chicago, then! The contrast was something startling. The population was estimated at barely one thousand, living not

"exactly in huts, but by no means elegantly housed. It is
 "stated, indeed, that in 1835, there were only three brick
 "tenements in the whole village. But what mattered it!
 "Here was the inland sea on the one side, on the other
 "the boundless, unbroken prairie, the prairies of which
 "Bryant had sung:

'Those unshorn fields where lingered yet
 The beauty of the earth, ere men had sinned,'

"and where, with prophet's ear, he had heard 'the sound
 "of the coming multitude that was soon to fill these popu-
 "lous borders.'" Another local historian writing of the
 Chicago of that day, says: At that day all that remained
 to support Chicago was hope. The poverty of the place
 was visible and unfeigned. Money and the people had
 long been strangers, and the more land a man had the
 worse off he apparently was. Nevertheless, there were
 few who despaired; the genius of the place forbade it.
 "Yes," adds Mr. Hoyne, "and it was this hopefulness
 which inspired each citizen from the beginning—which
 gave fortitude to bear, and courage to undertake, what-
 ever was proposed as possible to human execution." The
 words are a clear reflection of his own heroic spirit—the
 spirit that in his youth bore him into the manly struggle
 with destiny, and that made him always the man of enter-
 prise that he was, and the fearless and untiring champion
 of whatever cause he espoused. Pursuing still our search
 for the fruits which his life has borne, we should follow
 him to that stage where the battle with his own fortunes
 had been fought and won, and he might have rested on
 his laurels, in assured possession of fortune, reputation,
 and all the means of selfish indulgence. In such a life he
 would have been in the company of many men who
 clutch greedily at all that society has to bestow, but who

have no conception that they owe anything to society in return for what they receive from it. Mr. Hoyne was not one of these. If any one sentiment pervaded and dominated his life, it was that of a large and generous public spirit. If there was any earthly thing that, next to his family, he loved supremely, it was the city in which he had reaped success and fortune. For the good of Chicago he labored with untiring and passionate devotion. He had a clear perception of the necessary elements of social progress and prosperity, and he sought earnestly to incorporate them into our city's life and institutions. He deprecated the idea that the city should be "a mere city of traders." So far back as 1840, when he had been but three years here, an address of his before a young men's literary society, which he and his friend Manierre had organized, was printed. In it I find this passage: "It is true that the elements of prosperity surround us; but let us remember that mere physical greatness is as nothing compared with moral and mental culture. Especially should we promote the interests of religion, morality and education. Then, indeed, shall we arrive at true greatness, and our children will point with honest pride to the annals of Chicago." To what he thus early expressed Mr. Hoyne remained true to the last. Schools, colleges, churches, universities, literary and historical societies, libraries, institutions of charity, wise and sound laws, and pure and clean administrative methods, these were the gifts that he earnestly coveted for his city, and towards them all he held out an open hand, and freely gave to them his time, his counsels, and his influence. Into the details of the part he bore in the organization and conduct of such institutions, we may not now enter; but I cannot refrain from mention of his connection with one of them to which our

denomination holds intimate relations. The University of Chicago had no truer or more magnanimous friend than Thomas Hoyne. The first line that was penned for it, and which had much to do with giving it being, was written by his hand. Over every day of its history he watched with deep, and often painful, solicitude. The last hour I ever spent with him, a few days before his death, he returned to the theme on which we had so often talked, and with deep feeling he repeated that he could not give it up that help would come to the university, that some man or men would yet rise to the appreciation of the great possibilities for good that were in that institution. God grant that these, probably his last, words on this subject, may prove prophetic, and issue in speedy realization.

Turning away now, as we must, from all consideration of Mr. Hoyne's more public character, his political and professional career, in which, could we pursue it, we should find at every step ripe and rich fruits of the principles which governed his life, as well as enduring monuments of the intellectual strength and the manly eloquence for which he was distinguished; turning from all this, we glance for one moment at his own individual personality. Were the question proposed to those who have known him longest and best, what was Mr. Hoyne's strongest trait, I think the answer would not be long in coming. Uprightness, an integrity pervading every phase and movement of his life, and entering into the very fibre of his being. This it was which, above all other things, marked the man. On all questions involving a principle of right and wrong, men knew just where to find him, and for this the friends of right sought and trusted him, its enemies shunned and dreaded him. There is testimony also to the purity and chastity of his

life and words. I have before me a note written by one who had been intimately related to him professionally and socially for nearly fifty years, emphasizing the fact that in all those years no word or allusion offensive to strictest chastity had been heard to pass the lips of Mr. Hoyne, or uttered by others had escaped his frown. Such testimonies show how sweet and healthful is the fruit that grows upon the tree that takes root in reverence and love for the law of God.

Beyond these more outward phases of his character there was also a deeper one, one that had its seat in the inmost depths of his being, whose sphere was in the consciousness, the affections, the volitions and struggles of his soul. He himself never sought to open that sanctuary to the gaze of men; he held it rather as a meeting place between himself and his God, and if ever, in the intimacy of personal friendship, he drew back the veil of that sanctuary, the solemnity and awe of his manner showed that the feeling of his heart was, "— take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He never made a public and formal profession of religion, but those who knew him best had fullest assurance that he was not a stranger to a deep and earnest religious life. More, I believe that the most potent motives, the deepest springs of his action and character, the force that dominated his being, and made his life the noble life that it was, were essentially religious, and took root in deep seated reverence for the law of God. I have referred to the bent of his boyhood. Beyond doubt that bent was given by the religious instruction and training of his home life in childhood by his parents, who were devoted members of the Catholic communion. It received also, there

is reason to believe, confirmation and strength under the teachings and personal influence of Dr. Archibald Maclay, in whose family, we have noticed, he passed some years, and whose memory he ever held in deepest veneration.

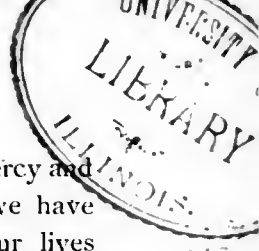
These two streams of influence, seemingly opposite and conflicting yet united, in the thought and character of the young man, as a common current fed from the fountain of faith in One God and Father, and in the Divine Son as the only Savior of sinners. And so, with little interest in the differences between the ecclesiastical systems to which these truths were common and fundamental, he yet firmly and clearly grasped the truths themselves and they were, especially in his later years, a sure foundation on which his faith and hope abidingly rested.

An incident is recalled in this connection which it is pleasant to remember. A few days before his death I stood with Mr. Hoyne at the grave side of the late Mrs. J. H. Woodworth, and as he strewed flowers upon the coffin, with words of warm appreciation of the life and character of the deceased, he added: "How strange that any should believe that such powers were buried forever in the grave! No!" he exclaimed, "this life is but the beginning of our existence. It will reach its perfection only in its immortal state"; and as he spoke his face was aglow as those who have heard him speak when deeply aroused have seen it, and his eye was uplifted as if he caught sight of the shores of the eternal world of which he spoke, and on which he was so soon to stand.

But with faith and hope thus clear, no one realized more keenly how sharp is the conflict between the natural and the spiritual life, and no longing of his soul was stronger than to overcome in that conflict. Even his most intimate friends had little idea of this side of his

character. In all that related to it he was undemonstrative and even reticent, and it is only as by records which he left we follow him away from his intense, and sometimes stormy interest in this life to the retreat where he holds communion with his own soul and with his God, that we catch glimpses of that inner life of his spirit, more earnest and intense than the outer life which we knew. At the risk of seeming to profane what should be held sacred, I can not withhold one such expression of his inner life, a paper carefully folded in the drawer of his study-table, and marked "A Meditation and a Prayer," which had evidently been the medium of frequent communion with God, when at close of busy and oftentimes turbulent days, he would "enter into his closet and shut the door and pray to the Father which is in secret."

"Oh God! Source of all things created—the greatest mystery of existence—Thou hast given us knowledge according to our ability to comprehend it; and we *know* that thy *service* and the doing all that is just and right according to the light given, is the principal cause of all human happiness. In sin and transgression according to that knowledge lies all our danger as well in this world as the next. Yet, oh Lord and God, though we offend against this knowledge and against our own sense of duty, against thee, and seriously jeopardize our lives, invite misfortunes and bring upon ourselves the most dreadful risks of punishment, of death, and the loss of our salvation and all that is involved in *thy displeasure*; yet, oh God! *thy mercy exceedeth* all! The forbearance of no earthly parent equals thy long suffering and toleration of the sins we commit. Our secret sins are not hidden, but their very concealment constitutes a part of our



crimes. Had we no hope, no assurance of thy mercy and forgiveness, to live in the knowledge of what we have done against thee, would *be utter* despair! Our lives would be a torment in prospect of death! But, oh! Father, who hast sent a divine mediator to redeem a *lost world*, and raise fallen human nature from so terrible a state of wretchedness, let me think of my repeated transgressions, that I may find forgiveness of the past, and be fortified against temptations in the future.

It is written that thy great Son, during his life, recognized the condition of our fallen nature and extended thy mercy and forgiveness to many sinners. Peter denied him thrice against his own resolution to maintain his integrity, but was forgiven. The Mary Magdalene was pardoned, and the dying thief on the cross was promised a meeting in Heaven. It is in this merciful blending of the human and divine that we can only be consoled.

Our sins oppress us, we are depressed on their account, and turn away from ourselves with disgust of our natural proneness to commit them, but remembering this love we take comfort in the hope of forgiveness and pardon.

Oh, holy Lord God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, grant us the strength to avoid sin, so that we may at all times be assured of our peace! Hear us, oh Father. Take not away thy favor; let thy wisdom guide us; may every enemy we have find favor in thy sight; and may we for the future so live as if in preparation for the judgment. Amen."

It is thus that he, who to outward seeming is mindful of no interest but those of this life, is seen to turn away from all this life's concerns, and from the conflicts and ambitions of his professional and political career, to hold converse with God and to seek for peace with him as the

highest good. It is thus that he, whose fiery denunciations of wrong-doing has made him seem to be the enemy of wrong-doers, is seen in the spirit of tenderness and love, to seek for them that forgiveness of God which he craves for himself. It is thus that he, whose spirit before men was proud and fearless, in the presence of God becomes as the spirit of a little child, and bows at the altar of the common Father, by the side of the humblest of his fellow-men and the bitterest of his enemies, in brokenness of heart for his unworthiness, and in pleadings for mercy, forgiveness and love. And if in these struggles of his soul for deliverance from the burden of sin and death, our brother seeks the altars of another church than ours, let us not feel that we must part from him there, but bow by his side, and with him look up to his God and ours for the victory of faith that overcomes the world.

Address of Dr. Lorimer.

It may seem strange to those who do not appreciate the catholicity of the people worshipping here, that a member of another denomination should be honored with memorial services such as these. The ecclesiastical and sacerdotal system to which the deceased subscribed, this church has no sympathy with; and yet she has never failed to recognize the saintly characters of many who have grown up under its shadow. She discerns the fact that goodness, and faith in Christ, are not bound to the

narrow limits of any sect; and these she would acknowledge everywhere, though they may be intermixt with what she cannot but regard as perilous error. In the case of the departed, however, something more is to be said in explanation of these commemorative ceremonies. They are peculiarly fitting, not merely on account of family relations with this church, but on account of his own interest in matters associated with her work.

Mr. Hoyne, though a Catholic in belief, was to a great extent a Protestant in practice, holding to liberty of conscience, the right of all to study the Bible and to approach God in prayer, rights which he exercised daily, and laboring to advance the cause of sound education and higher learning in an institution which, though unsectarian, and certainly not Romanist in tendency, is decidedly and avowedly Christian. As you have already learned from the eloquent lips of the founder and first president of Chicago University, Mr. Hoyne was deeply concerned in its welfare, toiled for its advancement, and had the greatest confidence in its future. Under these circumstances we feel that we have part and lot in the life which was ended so sadly and suddenly, and that in this place its merit should be recognized.

My acquaintance with Mr. Hoyne was exceedingly slight and limited. I met him for the first time on the platform of Central Music Hall, on the evening when an effort was made to arouse public interest in the erection of a suitable memorial of the great fire. On that occasion he spoke, graphically describing the terrible conflagration, and appealed urgently and cogently to the audience that proper steps be taken to perpetuate the sympathy of the world which was abundantly expressed in that heart-rending scene of calamity. Subsequently I heard him

before the board of trustees of the university, reviewing its history, arraigning its enemies, and defining its policy, or rather what ought to be its policy. In those speeches I was impressed by his power of analysis, his ability to grasp a subject in all of its bearings, and by the fervency and nervousness of his delivery. His thoughts seemed to be clearly before his mind as pictures, which he unrolled with panoramic-like system, and his whole manner suggested the deepest conviction. His words were living and burning; his conclusions were hurled with Titanic force at his hearers, and he appeared to revel and luxuriate in the consciousness that he was moulding the opinions and deciding the actions of others. I felt on both of these occasions that I was in the presence of an honest man, and one whose enthusiasm age had hardly abated. Consequently I was drawn to him. Our acquaintance grew through personal intercourse, rendered possible by one or two meetings of a social and society character, and by casual walks with him when seeking exercise. My first impression was deepened by this intercourse, but as yet I had obtained no insight into the more genial and devout side of his nature. Indeed, I must confess that at the beginning I was inclined to look upon him as comparatively a stranger to the gentler and tenderer feelings, and considered him more as a man of head than of heart—more a man of affairs than of sentiment. This erroneous estimate, however, was happily removed. He had frequently invited me to spend an evening with him at his home, and a few months since, not very long before my departure for Europe, I availed myself of the privilege. When I arrived he was alone, and he extended a warm, sunny welcome which immediately put me at my ease. We conversed together, mainly on religious

subjects, and I was surprised to find that he had read extensively in these directions. He dwelt particularly on prayer and on Providence, avowing his belief in both, deplored the free-thinking tendencies of the times, and I thought was unusually interested in what I told him, of the conversion of Heine, and of some other celebrated Germans. His conversation throughout was reverent and devout, with just a flavor of mysticism about it, and yet not enough to mar the soberness of his faith. We were interrupted by the arrival of a distinguished gentleman, and our minds were directed to other channels, particularly to the interests of the university. What was said is of no importance, but he maintained, in view of Chicago's present and future greatness, that the moneyed men of the city should rally round that struggling institution, and should place it on such a foundation as to command the support of students throughout the north-west. He had no hesitancy in declaring that the refining and elevating influences of a noble seat of learning on the entire community would be worth infinitely more than the money it would cost. From this prolonged interview I rose with a clearer knowledge of my host, appreciating what I had not discerned before—that in his character met and blended the gentleness of the dawn and the strength of the storm, the ruggedness of the sea and the serenity of the azure, the sturdiness of the oak, and the gracefulness of the flower, the intensity of fire and the radiance of light, the vigor and reasoning force of a man, with the simplicity and faith of a child. Happy union, blessed fellowship of sterling and beautiful qualities, which endear while living, and which forever render sacred the memory when dead.

The termination of such a career as his cannot but be

regarded as a public loss. When the lyre is out of tune we miss the harmony, but when its strings are broken, we weep that its music shall be heard no more forever. When the gleaming meteor falls through the sky we are amazed at its passing splendor, and grieve that it should so soon be eclipsed in darkness; but were the sun to rush from its centre, through all our homes we would feel indeed the vastness of our loss. So when the youth of promise dies we deplore what might have been, but when the matured man of genius, ability and faith departs, we feel that light has gone from our dwellings and our souls are enshrouded in measureless gloom. Especially is this the case when to the bereavement is added circumstances of peculiar terror under which it has taken place. Such circumstances were not wanting to intensify our grief when the messenger "death" summoned our friend to stand before his Judge.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump," it is written, shall they who live at our Lord's second coming be changed, passing without decay into the immortal blessedness. Frequently has this wonderful transformation been foreshadowed and anticipated. By sea and land, in ways without number, in storm, collision, accident and violence, or in the peaceful suspension of the heart-beat—"in the twinkling of an eye"—has the spirit been emancipated into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Imagination cannot refrain from heightening the horrors attending this transition, especially when accompanied by the crash, the wreck, and agony of a scene such as marked the close of Mr. Hoyne's career. Yet though such feelings are natural at the time of the event, and though the character of the event cannot fail then to shock and make us realize more deeply the extent of our

loss, with the lapse of days and weeks should come a soberer judgment and a calmer spirit. In truth it is of little matter how we die, so long as we are prepared. At the best "the body lives but a pulse's stroke," and if the climax comes without note of warning, if "in the twinkling of an eye" the end comes, it should never be forgotten—

—"that moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities."

When I hear of the sudden "taking off" of one approaching age, whose past has been full of honor, and whose future is still full of promise, I cannot but think of the poet's words, which, with some modification, are applicable to our bereavement:

"Death is but jealous of thy mild decay,
Which gently wins thee; exulting age
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His shivering prey at eventide."

The sharpness and suddenness of Mr. Hoyne's end has fulfilled its purpose. The lurid background has served to bring into clearer relief the excellencies of his character, and it has added intensity to our grief and appreciation; but it should neither lead us to regard him who met such a death as unfavored and forsaken by the Supreme, nor lead us morbidly to mourn as those who have no hope.

Mrs. Browning in one of her sonnets asks tenderly—

"When some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry
Aches round you like a strong disease, and now—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense?"

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Nor does she leave the inquiry unanswered. She shows that friendship then will not suffice, nor the subtleties of thought, nor melody, nor songs of poets and of birds; no, none of these can repair the silence,—

—"nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet 'All hails,'
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ! and fill this pause!"

She says truly. Human words, however soft and eloquent, can never sound to the bereaved like the voice that is hushed and dumb. Nor can earthly consolations avail to reconcile the stricken soul to God's afflicting providence. Christ alone can fill the pause. To that Christ we affectionately commend this widowed wife and these fatherless children, knowing that He who ever succored the sorrowing on earth will not be deaf to their entreaties. We would have them remember that He knows how to sympathize with us, for He tasted our griefs. He Himself entered into the darkness, and cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" in the dreary hour of the cross, feeling that the Father's face had been withdrawn, and he abandoned to His terrible agony. But it was not so. That Father was not afar off. The morning of His countenance broke through and dispersed the enshrouding night, and emerging from its gloom the Master triumphantly exclaimed, "It is finished"—finished the doubt, the anguish and the fear. So you, my friends, in this hour of your trial, may fear that the All Father has a controversy with you, that His love for you has grown cold, and His care of you relaxed. But it is not so. You are in the darkness; but He is in the darkness too. Draw near to that Jesus who went there before you seeking the Father's face, and, after the moment's loneliness and

desolation found it; and He will sustain you and comfort you, and will kindly lead you into the light where you will see the countenance divine lit up with love and grace, and where you will read the solution of this mystery. Then will you take up the exulting cry of Jesus, "It is finished!" Finished forever these painful doubts, and finished forevermore this sense of weary solicitude. And by and by, when life itself shall be completed, and you meet the loved one on the radiant shore, then will you confess that though the Father led you by ways which you knew not here, and sometimes made the light darkness about your feet, He never really left or forsook you in the time of need.



Thomas Hayne.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

I hold that one who lives and dies,
Who leaves an impress on his time
For good, beyond the grave shall rise
To heights more splendid and sublime ;

That what is great and good on earth,
In heaven shall yet more brightly shine ;
That every soul of honest worth
Shall live immortal and divine ;

That every noble human mind,
That leaves a worldly record fair,
Beyond this life shall be refined,
And shine with fadeless lustre there.

To-day a good man died, whose name
And face familiar many knew—
Not great in what the world calls fame,
But great in manhood, strong and true.

With generous hand his means he gave
To benefit and bless his kind ;
And, while he slumbers in the grave,
He will not fade from sight and mind—

For men who pass where hushed he lies
In death's mysterious twilight gray,
Shall read his name with grateful eyes—
Shall reverently pause and say :

Here sleeps, in undisturbed repose,
Here with the dust in silence blends,
A man whose *manhood* made his foes
His strongest and most steadfast friends.

